Ps-4 Pacifics on the Southern and in the Smithsonian

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Wabash Cannon Ball

Across the Heartland on the train named for a folk song

PA and E8 diesels on the *Wabash Cannon Ball* at Decatur, Ill., in 1961

PLUS

Golden State steam and early diesels

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Inside D&H's great shop at Colonie, N.Y.

Bangor & Aroostook • Collinwood, Ohio, in 1964

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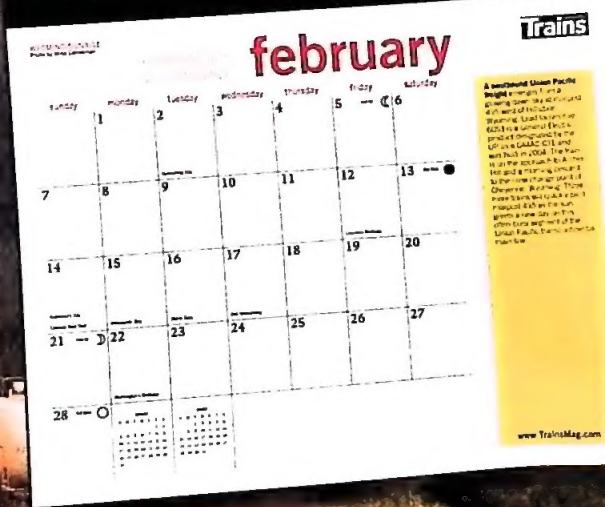

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Editor's Page

Part crewman, part passenger

Jim Neubauer on pages 70–79 of this issue provides some insight into a little-remarked figure aboard many classic-era passenger trains: the tour conductor. Employed by private (*i.e.,* non-railroad) sightseeing companies to shepherd groups around the country, tour conductors also worked closely with train crews and station personnel. They were the intermediaries between the operational needs of the railroad and the recreational desires of their charges. Part crewman, part passenger, the tour conductor often took his meals with the crew when aboard the trains, then hosted his tour group at restaurants and watering holes in tourist destinations. Jim occupied this unique niche between 1958 and 1961, and we're glad to learn about it.

Apart from looking after his group's luggage, Jim as a tour conductor had little concern with baggage, mail, and express cars, known collectively as "head-end cars" for their customary position at the front of the train. These cars inspired the name for our new department on pages 8–9, "Head End." A grab bag of brief items related to railroad history, including some with relevance in the present day, "Head End" will appear toward the front of each issue.

Robert S. McGonigal

Jim Neubauer

Tour conductor Neubauer photographed Canadian Pacific's *Dominion* snaking through the Rockies from the dome of the train's *Park*-series observation car.

ClassicTrains
THE GOLDEN YEARS OF RAILROADING

Winter 2009 • Volume 10 Number 4

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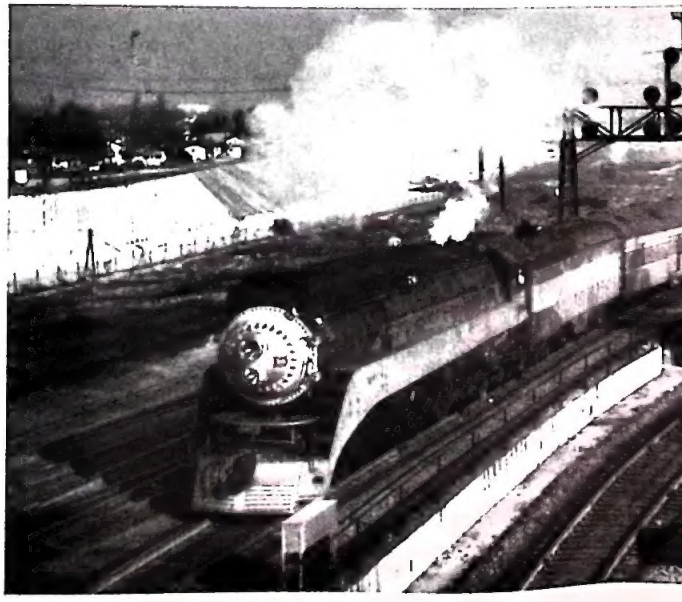

On the cover: The fireman on PA 1021 looks back at platform activity in Decatur, Ill., January 9, 1961, as it and E8 1004 prepare to power combined trains 1 and 111, the *Wabash Cannon Ball* and *Banner Blue*, to St. Louis (see page 22). Dick Wallin photo.

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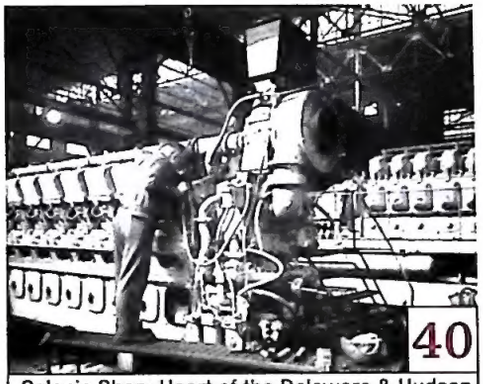

Colonie Shop: Heart of the Delaware & Hudson

Collinwood, Ohio, launched a Central parade

SP was a small part of Duke's "western gold"

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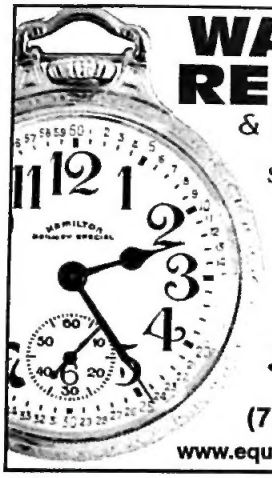

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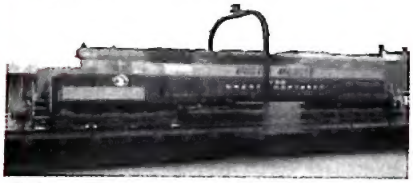

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Contributors

JERRY ANGIER ["Bangor & Aroostook: Maine's Potato Road," pages 18–21] had a postwar Lionel train set as a child. His interest in the "real thing" grew after family friend and B&A President Curtis Hutchins arranged for him to celebrate his 12th birthday with a Providence–Boston locomotive cab ride on the New Haven. A visit to Bangor a few years later sparked an interest in the Maine road, which flowered after he moved to the Portland area in 1971; he and his wife Nancy live in Cape Elizabeth, Maine. A financial consultant by profession, Jerry is past president of the 470 Railroad Club and the Railroad Enthusiasts. He's written three books, the most recent, with co-author Herb Cleaves, is *Bangor and Aroostook—The Life of a Maine Railroad Tradition* (Fleet Graphics, Inc., 2009). This is his first CLASSIC TRAINS byline.

J. DAVID INGLES ["Cannon Ball Runs," pages 22–33, and "One Day at . . . Collinwood, Ohio," pages 62-67], Senior Editor of CLASSIC TRAINS, reports that despite having ridden the entire Detroit–St. Louis route of the old *Wabash Cannon Ball* several times over, he did enjoy a portion of it behind N&W 4-8-4 611 during the Norfolk Southern steam excursion program era. Dave thanks Illinois rail historian friends Jim Bopp, Chet French, Steve Parsons, and Dick Wallin for help with details of the article, and also longtime friend and Senior Editor of MODEL RAILROADER Jim Hediger, who worked for the Wabash during summers in his college years. Dave also thanks Jerry Pinkepank for reviewing the piece on their Collinwood experience.

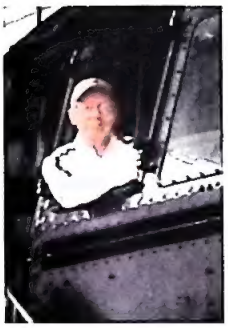
CHARLES W. LINDENBERG ["Of Hoops and Forks," pages 68–69], was born in Chile in 1932, son of a Pan American pilot who died in a plane crash when Charlie was 18 months old. His mother and he moved to Miami, then lived in various locations around the U.S. She was hired by the Santa Fe as an operator during World War II, which deepened Charlie's interest in railroading. After high school, he joined the Coast Guard, then had a career in television broadcasting. He now writes full time, and is a private pilot. This is his fourth Santa Fe remembrance in CLASSIC TRAINS.

JAMES A. "JIM" NEUBAUER ["Recollections of a Tour Conductor," pages 70–79], a lifelong Chicago resident and veteran member, newsletter editor, and official at Wisconsin's Mid-Continent Railway Museum, worked for the Rock Island Lines during 1951–58 and as Kalmbach Publishing Co.'s Sales Promotion Manager 1970–74. He retired from yard-office work on the Chicago & North Western after nearly 20 years in 1995, when Union Pacific took over. This is Jim's third article for us, after "One Day at . . . North Philadelphia" in Spring 2006 and "These Are a Few of My Favorite Trains" in Spring 2007.

MICHAEL PATRIS ["Donald Duke: Spinning Gold in the West," pages 50–61] is a native of Southern California who has always had an interest in history. After several years working in the news, film, and automotive industries, he now works out of his home via the Internet and speaks publicly about collecting antiques and historic Mount Lowe near Pasadena. His most recent published work is a book about the Mount Lowe Railway (Arcadia Publishing, 2007). He is the founder and president of the Mount Lowe Preservation Society, president of the Pacific Electric Railway Historical Society, and Deputy Sheriff of the Los Angeles Corral of Westerners International. He has written for numerous magazines but this is his first byline in CLASSIC TRAINS. Michael and his wife life in Alhambra, Calif., where they are restoring a 1923 bungalow.

JIM SHAUGHNESSY ["The Great Shop at Colonie," pages 44–47] literally wrote the book on the railroad that Colonie Shops supported; his *Delaware & Hudson* was published in 1967 (Howell-North Books) and re-released in 1997 (Syracuse University Press). He also wrote the "Fallen Flags Remembered" essay on the D&H for our Summer 2001 issue. Jim has had 17 articles in CLASSIC TRAINS, including a dozen installments of "The Shaughnessy Files."

JOHN C. WATKINS JR. ["Twilight Encounter at Danville," pages 34–36], a native of Mobile, Ala., and a longtime resident of Tuscaloosa, is currently an Adjunct Professor of Law in the University of Alabama's Honors College. He retired from full-time teaching in 2003 at Alabama, and has been a classroom instructor for nearly 45 years. His love affair



with railroads and especially the Southern Railway began with the encounter he describes in this issue. John is also an HO-scale modeler of Southern and Norfolk & Western equipment in the steam-to-diesel "transition era" and has, as well, a large collection of late-1930s and early-1940s models of German railway equipment. Additionally, John designs and builds detailed HO dioramas of German World War II military equipment. He has authored or co-authored five academic books on war crimes, juvenile law, and criminal justice. He has traveled extensively by rail in the United States, Canada, Switzerland, and Germany. This is his first CLASSIC TRAINS byline.

BILL WITHUHN ["Our 'National Locomotive'," pages 37–39] since 1983 has managed or been curator on more than 20 Smithsonian Institution exhibitions, and raised some $31 million. Among his many publications are two books: *Rails Across America: A History of Railroads in North America* (1993); and *The Spirit of Steam* (1995, 1999). Bill, who regularly consults for the Federal Railroad Administration, is also a former shortline executive and a veteran of U.S. Air Force Special Operations, and he holds an active membership in the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers & Trainmen. Since 1996, he's been an engineer on the Milwaukee Road steam locomotive 261 crew. This is his first article in CLASSIC TRAINS, but he's had several in our sister magazine, TRAINS, starting with "Did We Scrap Steam Too Soon?" in June 1974. Bill has worked on three series of commemorative stamps for the U.S. Postal Service, including Ted Rose's popular streamliner series of 1999. Bill's career is the subject of a feature article in November 2009 TRAINS.

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Calling Operation Lifesaver!

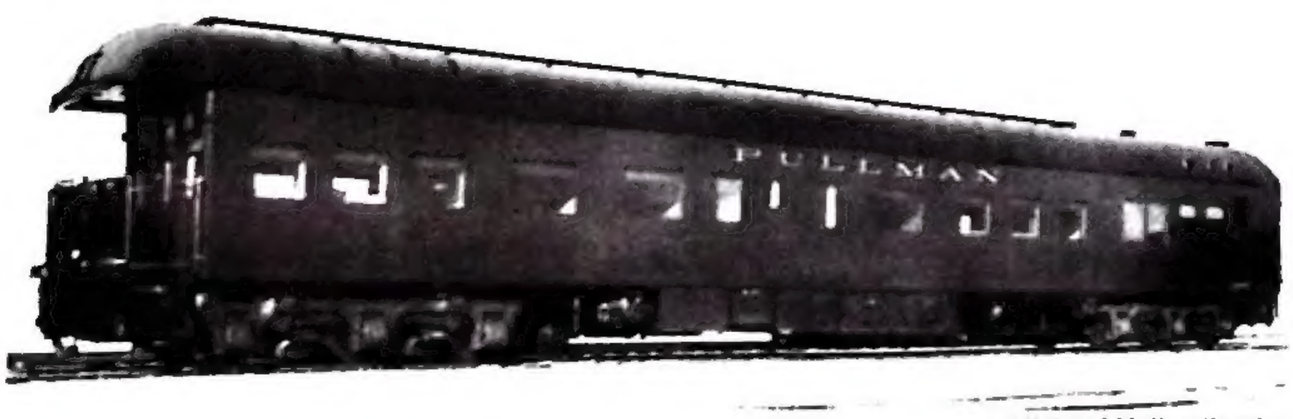
C. T. Steeb

Photographer C. T. Steeb probably thought he'd have a clear shot of Southern Pacific train 515 when he set up at a grade crossing on SP's West Valley Line in Willows, Calif., one day in the mid-1940s. *Not so!* Just as the train, apparently moving at a lively pace, reached the perfect spot, a Ford darted into the frame and crossed right in front of the locomotive! The reckless driver not only ruined Steeb's photo but also just missed being impaled by a Ten-Wheeler. Crossing accidents led to the formation in 1972 of the rail-safety group Operation Lifesaver; OL's slogan always bears repeating: "Cross Tracks Safely!"

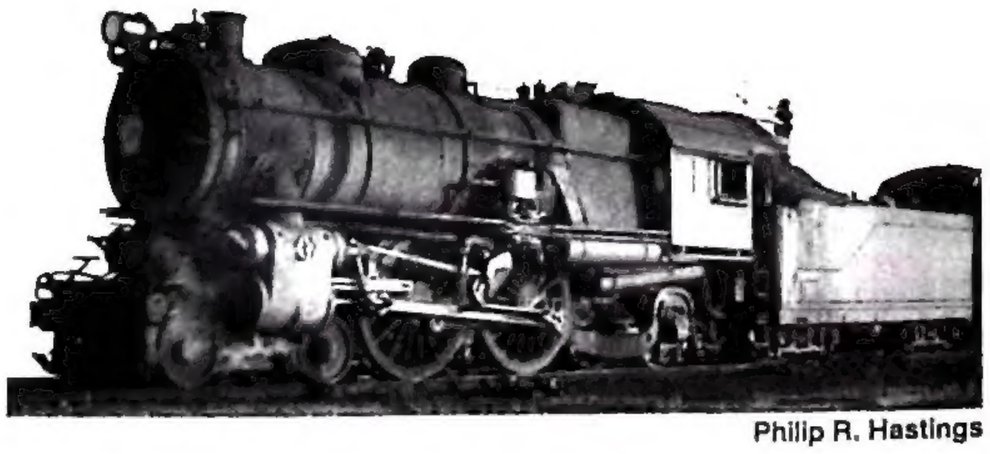
0-4-0T's take a bow in Owosso

Train Festival 2009, held July 23–26 at the Steam Railroading Institute in Owosso, Mich., brought together eight steam locomotives—the largest such gathering in a decade. The stars of course were the big Limas: SP 4449, NKP 765, and SRI's Pere Marquette 1225. But when 1225 went down with broken flues and had to be moved, the little guys took the spotlight. Three 0-4-0T's —Little River 1, Viscose Co. 6, and Flagg Coal 75—teamed up to heave the 2-8-4 across the grounds. After their feat, the tank engines took a few celebratory spins on the turntable, whistles screaming, pops roaring, crews beaming.

Robert S. McGonigal



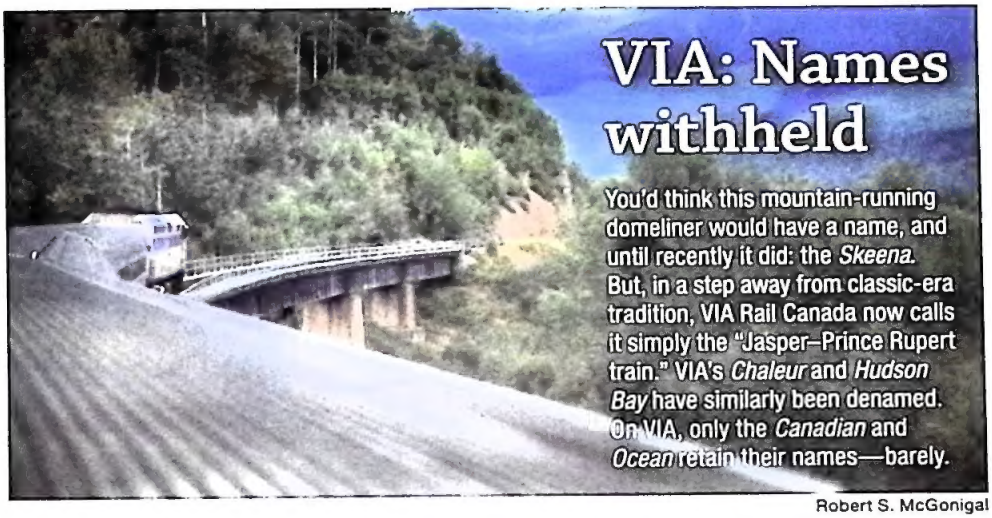
Michael Hall collection



Philip R. Hastings

Help sought for two treasures

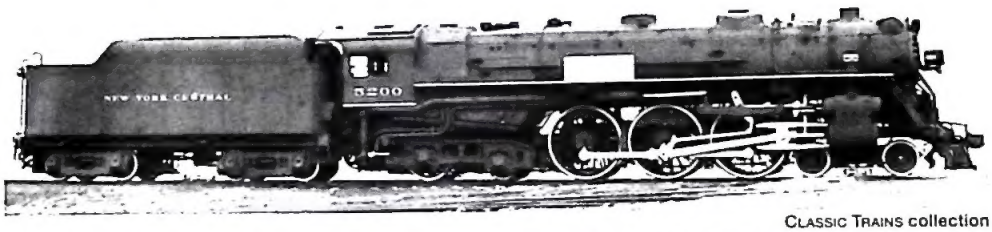
Florida's Gold Coast Railroad Museum seeks $6,000 to restore the interior of the Pullman car *Ferdinand Magellan*, used extensively by Presidents Roosevelt and Truman; call 305-253-0063 or visit www.gcrm.org. The Railroad Museum of Pennsylvania needs $310,000 for the cosmetic restoration of PRR Atlantic 460, the "Lindbergh Engine"; until March 15, 2010, the Pennsylvania Railroad Technical & Historical Society will match donations up to $50,000; 717-687-8628, www.rrmuseumpa.org.



VIA: Names withheld

You'd think this mountain-running domeliner would have a name, and until recently it did: the *Skeena*. But, in a step away from classic-era tradition, VIA Rail Canada now calls it simply the "Jasper–Prince Rupert train." VIA's *Chaleur* and *Hudson Bay* have similarly been denamed. On VIA, only the *Canadian* and *Ocean* retain their names—barely.

Robert S. McGonigal



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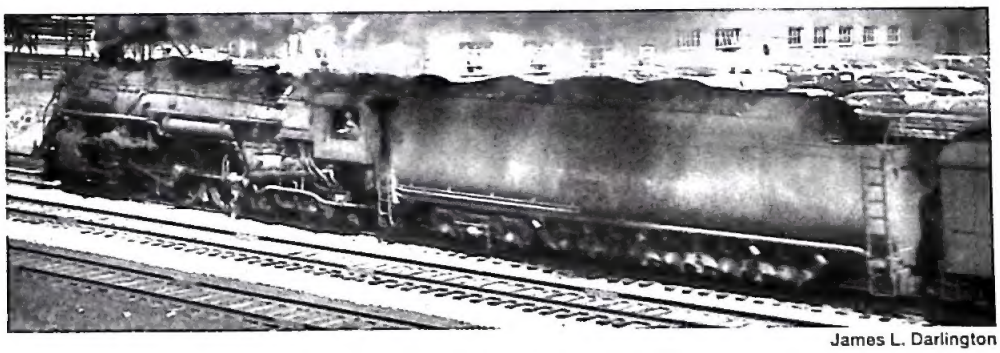

James L. Darlington

J-1 tender evolution

NYC's first J-1 Hudson of 1927 was originally paired with a Pacific-style tender that had a capacity of just 15 tons coal, 10,000 gallons water. Production J-1's got 12-wheel, 24-ton, 12,500-gallon tanks, a design later modified for 30 tons, 14,000 gallons. The evolution peaked in the 1940s when many J-1's and J-3's were retrofitted with colossal PT tenders holding up to 46 tons and 18,000 gallons!

Picks of train flicks

North by Northwest . . . Silver Streak . . . Emperor of the North . . . The General . . . These and 96 other films are profiled in 100 Greatest Train Movies, a special publication from our sister magazine, Trains. To see if your favorite flick makes the list, order a copy at www.TrainsMag.com or call 800-533-6644. 100 Greatest Train Movies will be on newsstands starting January 19.

On the Web @ www.ClassicTrainsMag.com

Video: Southern Ps-4's in action

Watch video footage from the Herron Rail Video collection of Ps-4 Pacifics [pages 34–39] at work on Southern Railway passenger trains.

Fallen flags in brief

Read thumbnail histories of all the "fallen flag" railroads, including which big system each one became part of.

Classic Trains Forum

Exchange ideas, ask questions, provide information, or just enjoy lively discussion with fellow readers at our online forum. It's free and open to all.

Tour conductor's train list

Jim Neubauer rode more than 40 trains in the U.S., Canada, and Mexico during his years as a tour conductor [pages 70–79]. See his list of those trains, and also read some of his additional thoughts on the Santa Fe.

Steam locomotive profiles

Look under the "Railroad History" bar for illustrated essays on two dozen steam locomotive wheel arrangements, from the 0-4-0 switcher to the 4-8-8-4 Big Boy.

Photo of the Day

Our popular online feature "Photo of the Week" is now "Photo of the Day." Each weekday, we present a different black-and-white or color photo from our collection. Plus, subscribers to Classic Trains can view past photos in the archives—free!

Triple play in Fall

Fall 2009 CLASSIC TRAINS coincidentally contained three features that happen to summarize the rail experiences in my short military career. My father was transferred to Omaha in 1948 to be car distributor for Pacific Fruit Express, a Union Pacific subsidiary, so we became very familiar with Union Station ["Bird's-Eye View," pages 54–55]. We had little to take us "across the tracks" to the Burlington station, but when I was drafted in January 1952, I was in a group escorted there to take the overnight train to Kansas City. From there, we rode Kansas City Southern to Camp Crowder, in southwestern Missouri.

Ten days later, those of us deemed appropriate for the Signal Corps were put on a sleeping car headed east on the Frisco. I remember little from the overnight ride, other than crossing the Mississippi River into Memphis, but next morning, we were ushered into Union Station in Atlanta for breakfast. There, our car was attached to Georgia Railroad's 9 a.m. train for Augusta ["Fallen Flags Remembered," pages 16–19], which we rode to Camp (later Fort) Gordon. At Camak around noon, a swarm of local housewives showed up with a meal of home-cooked specialties for us!

After basic training, I was assigned to the Signal Corps' training center at San Luis Obispo, Calif., as an instructor, so I had ample time to observe the SP cab-forwards ["Tales from the Front," pages 20-31] and other operations on its Coast Division. CLASSIC TRAINS is always a welcome arrival, but this edition was truly special!

L. G. Dales, New Market, Md.

Alden A. Armstrong

Visibility was limited for the engine crew when backing up on a Southern Pacific cab-forward.

Cab-forwards a favorite

I really enjoyed the three articles on Southern Pacific's cab-forwards ["Remembering the Malleys," by Barry Anderson, pages 22–26; "Cab-Forward as Classroom," by Dan Ranger, pages 27–29; and "My Love-Hate Relationship with Cab-Forwards," by Bob Freese, pages 30–31]. My love for these engines began after I returned home from Europe (World War II) in 1946. I lived in Bakersfield, Calif., and bought a new 8mm movie camera. On Tehachapi Loop, I filmed three of them on a single freight heading upgrade. After I moved to Long Beach, I got away on weekends to see them, and paced one across the desert near Victorville doing 70 mph. I am now 86 years young, but my passion for steam continues.

Jim Abrams, Sequatchie, Tenn.

The SP "Malley" articles made for extraordinary reading. I am a retired Lackawanna fireman, but in that same decade, on opposite coasts, Messrs. Anderson, Freese, and Ranger and I had virtually identical experiences: Cranky engines, cranky engineers, cranky fires, and callow inexperience!

Harry J. Bruce, Jupiter, Fla.

The cab-forward writers mentioned that the view ahead was wonderful but running them backwards was not. In this 1950s photo [above], No. 4282, off train 60, demonstrates the visibility problem as she backs out of Los Angeles Union Station on a misty morning for her trip to the roundhouse. The cab-forwards may not have been the biggest or the fastest articulateds, but they were among my favorites.

Alden A. Armstrong, Grand Jct., Colo.

Stalking the last FW&D steam on foot

Gary M. Bonine's wonderful "Fort Worth & Denver Days" [pages 40–45] reminded me of my own brief experiences with the last FW&D steam. My family had just moved to Fort Worth in 1958 when I saw moving smoke downtown and discovered the road was still working its yard with 2-8-2's. Not yet driving, I hurried downtown by bus. Like Gary and his pal Nard, my technique was to look for smoke and walk the tracks, carrying my twin-lens Richoflex. I was never asked to leave the property, and was invited up into the cab at least once. To my later chagrin, I paid little attention to the diesels of the era.

Charles C. LeFlore, Weatherford, Texas

Bonine's story reminds us all of the joys of exploration as a young railfan. That line to Abliene was a separate subsidiary, the Wichita Valley, which was leased by FW&D and finally purchased on June 13, 1952. You'll see the name on older Burlington stationery. The last FW&D steam trip occurred on August 15, 1959, when 2-8-2 409 and an SD7 or SD9 took an excursion from Dallas to Childress, Texas, and back, which must have been a long day.

Michael M. Bartels, Lincoln, Nebr.

Riding the "Jumping Goose"

Jim Shaughnessy's chance encounter in the woods with the Grasse River Railroad ["Jumping Goose," pages 38–39] brought back memories. In March 1947 I was a freshman at Clarkson College's Malone (N.Y.) campus. In July, I wanted to visit my brother, who was at the New York State Ranger School at Wanakena, N.Y., so I planned a trip on New York Central's Adirondack Division from

Malone to Tupper Lake Junction, from where I would hitchhike down Route 3 to Wanakena. The conductor knew the area, of course, and recommended that I stay on board to Childwood Station, where I could transfer to the Grasse River, which would take me to Cranberry Lake, not far from Wanakena.

It was a surprise when I stepped off and found the "Jumping Goose" waiting for me! That old White bus provided a great ride, but its schedule called for an hour layover at Conifer, so after my short ride, since I was on a tight schedule, I hitchhiked out to Route 3 and on to Cranberry Lake. I had no camera with me, so Jim's photo is appreciated!

Robert L. Fitch, Pittsford, N.Y.

Photos for the ages

The shot in "Photo Section" on page 49, labeled "Downgrade through Dundas," evoked memories of my youth there. Photographer Jim Shaughnessy's vantage point was what we youngsters referred to as "the peak," a shale outcrop of the Niagara Escarpment which afforded a great view of the Dundas Valley. Directly below the CN train is Dundas District High School, where, if I'd spent more time on my classes instead of counting the cars on passing trains, I might've gotten better grades. A bit downgrade was Canada Crushed and Cut Stone Co., where my late father was employed as timekeeper. Dundas also hosted the Toronto, Hamilton & Buffalo Railway, which served industries with street-running rails along Hatt Street, which ended about center left in the photo. As a teen, I delivered newspapers, and my route ended on King Street, just before the high school. I had one customer on the side road just before the railway underpass, and while it was a bit of a grind pedaling up to the woman's house, the ride back down was great! After I left high school in 1958, I joined the Royal Canadian Air Force and had a great career which included train travel in Canada and Europe.

Bob Shawcross, Winnipeg, Manitoba

I absolutely love E. B. Holton's photo, labeled "Time Portal in Elizabeth, N.J.," on page 84. I lived near Elizabeth as a kid, back when buses looked like the one in the photo, and I rode the Jersey

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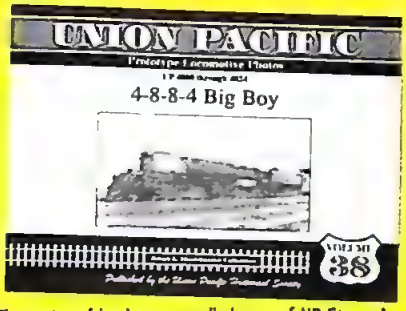

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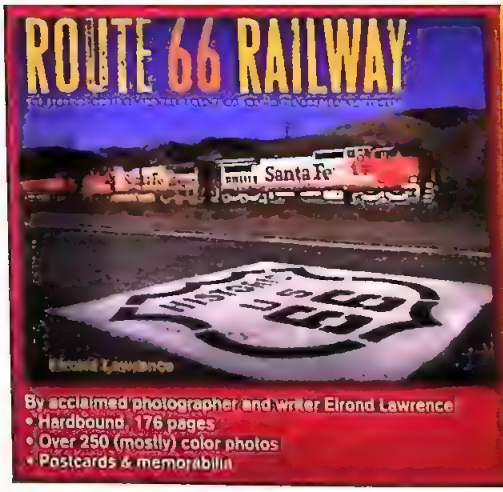

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Central and Pennsylvania over those tracks many times.

William Minkler, Bethel Park, Pa.

Milwaukee Road Alco switcher 1603, pictured on page 53, became 983 (2nd) by September 1959 and on June 12, 1964, was sold to dealer Relco and became its 605. It now is at the Illinois Railway Museum in Union, restored to its original road number 1603 and repainted similarly to the scheme in Henry McCord's photo. As you did in the caption, IRM erroneously lists it as an "HH-660"; it is a very late-model earlier version of Alco's 600 h.p. "HH-600," of which 78 were produced 1931–39.

Art Jacobsen, Helena, Mont.

I've been looking at railroad pictures for 50 years, and my "short list" of the most evocative ones is long. But now standing alone at the top is the centerspread by Henry McCord of the *Los Angeles Challenger* on Chicago & North Western at Geneva, Ill. [pages 50-51]. What a powerful work of art.

I was also happy to read Neil Carlson's "Close Encounters of the 4-6-4 Kind," in "The Way It Was" [ages 88-89]. I don't think I've ever seen a reference to the Buffalo-Rochester NRHS trip on Canadian Pacific in May 1960 from Hamilton to Toronto and back, behind Royal Hudson 2857. I was aboard. I was 16 and have never forgotten it.

Brandon H. Beck, Columbus, Miss.

Storming Pittsburgh

As a native of Aliquippa, Pa., I of course very much enjoyed Dave Ingles' article, "Storming the Steel City" [pages 60–71]. His notation on P&WV/Wabash Terminal on page 64, that "... two years after the ornate terminal was destroyed by fire" is somewhat incorrect. The ornate "terminal" never burned, but the freight station did, in late March 1946.

Pittsburgh Mayor David Lawrence and other city officials gleefully watched from the roof of a nearby building, hoping the fire would enable the terminal to be razed, since its sheer bulk separated a portion of the city from the new Gateway Center that was part of Pittsburgh's downtown renaissance. The fire destroyed the freight house, 20 or so railroad cars, and part of the overhead

Dwight Long

Gould's Wabash-Pittsburg Terminal office building (above) lasted into the 1950s; the freight house burned in 1946 and was razed.

yard (six tracks or so). After conferring with city officials and its insurance firms, the Pittsburgh & West Virginia decided to raze the terminal, as it was not much used, with no passenger traffic (since 1931) and little freight. The freight building was razed, then the big passenger trainshed, then the overhead yard tracks (including the elevated car storage spur across the Golden Triangle to the banks of the Allegheny River). Finally, the big bridge over the Monongahela River was dismantled, leaving only the two bridge piers and the Wabash Tunnel through Mount Washington, which was closed and sealed.

By the end of 1948 only the Wabash Building itself was left, its backside nakedly exposed. The ornate, triangular edifice, a combination station and office building, remained, serving its tenants. Eventually title to the building was acquired by a Pittsburgh development authority which decided to raze the building. In September 1953, all tenants left the Wabash Building in preparation for its demolition, which occurred during 1954–55, rubble from the building being deposited on Neville Island. P&WV relocated its corporate headquarters into one of the new Gateway Center towers.

Thus ended George Gould's unsuccessful attempt to enter Pittsburgh with his Wabash-Pittsburg Terminal Railroad. Interestingly, the long disused Wabash Tunnel had been refurbished as a "busway" and is now used by both buses and cars as an alternate way into Pittsburgh's South Side.

Jeff Godshall, Royal Oak, Mich.

Union Railroad AS616 No. 627, pictured on page 70, was one of three (625–627); they were never repowered or rebuilt. URR did have a dozen similar Baldwin DRS6-6-1500's (613-624) that were repowered and reconfigured by EMD using 567 prime movers, electricals, and GP9-style long hoods. They thus had a far longer career than the AS616's and became the legendary "Buffalos" of railfan recall.

Jim Young, Carnegie, Pa.

This excellent article was enhanced by Bill Metzger's map. Once again he has drawn an easily readable map that would've more closely resembled a spaghetti platter if done by anyone else.

Doug Mahrer, McMurray, Pa.

Just who benefits from cab rides?

Curtis L. Katz's "Whose Cab Ride is This?" [page 88 in "The Way It Was"] is right on the money regarding youngsters' reaction to being near a locomotive. At least half are fearful, while the other half are equally divided between ambivalent and enthusiastic. With Katz, I'm sure that at the youngster's first tear, the engineer regretted giving his OK—and took comfort in knowing he would soon be excused from his error. If you generally like children, though, and the youngster is interested and not afraid, it is a mutually enjoyable experience for the engineer to teach, and for the child to learn and have something to tell everyone about. Katz is completely on target as identifying the father as the most satisfied of the group.

Ken Frazer, Farragut, Tenn.

Omaha's stations

It was a pleasant surprise to open the Fall issue and see the "Bird's-Eye View" of Omaha's Union and CB&Q stations [pages 56-57] and the separate piece on the Durham Museum ["Art Deco Mas-

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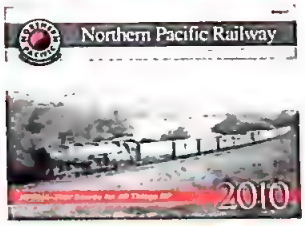

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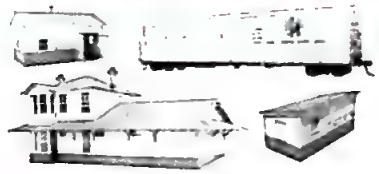

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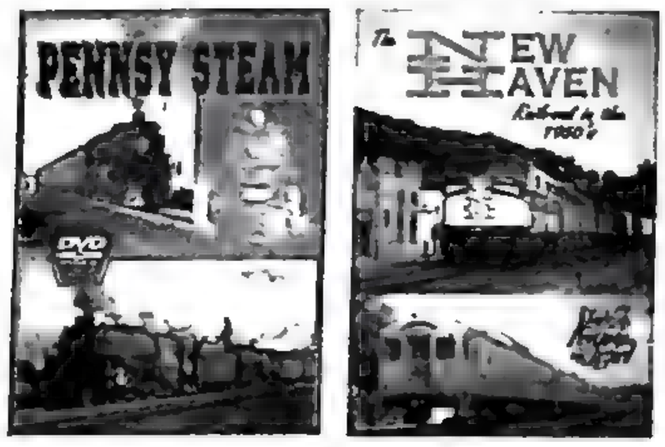

Pennsy Steam 8mm films showing K4's in New Jersey during winter of 1955,and J1 2-10-4's in Ohio. Then see B&W 16mm company testing of K4's in the 1930's. See 1987 first run of K4 1361 from Altoona. 1361 live audio, vintage has Music & Narration 60 Min $29.95

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terpiece," by Robert S. McGonigal, as "Classics Today," pages 58–59].

My childhood memories of walking through the concourse between the stations are vivid: watching the passengers and trains pass through the terminal in an orderly fashion that was truly choreographed by great railroaders; walking at track level next to "huge" E8's and E9's and listening to the EMD whine that set it apart from other locomotive builders; visiting my uncle as he prepared the passenger cars for their impending trips. I can still smell the diesel smoke as the locomotives departed.

My model railroad club, the Greater Omaha Society of Model Engineers, was first located in the lunchroom and later at track level in the old Railroad Express Agency room. During 1975–85, our 60-by-60-foot Omaha Union & Western layout was a significant display and a crowd-pleaser at the Western Heritage Museum. My son and his bride had their wedding at the museum and the reception in the main hall. The beauty of the building added to the day.

While Union Station has been saved, the Burlington station still sits there vacant. Numerous projects have been proposed for its remodeling, but none has come to fruition.

Tim Coyle, Omaha, Nebr.

Remembering NP's Glenn Staeheli

In the magnificent photo on pages 8–9 in Fall's "True Color," the man in the middle, Glenn Staeheli (that's the correct spelling on both names), was a legend on the Northern Pacific. He began his career in engine service at Parkwater (Spokane), Wash., in 1941, and was one of the youngest enginemen to be promoted to Road Foreman of Engines, in 1951. I knew him well, having joined his BN Explorer's Post 222 in Fargo, N.Dak., in the early 1970s at age 16. Until his death in 1995, Mr. Staeheli mentored me not only in railroading (just as a hobbyist—my career is in aviation), but in many aspects of life.

Kuebler collection

Glenn was the most intelligent railroader I ever met, and over the years I've known many. He was also the most serious. He loved railroading and those who were serious about it. Because he took his job so seriously, he did not endear himself to many "men in blue." The page 9 caption guesses at Glenn's words to the fireman, and is very plausible. In fact, as a Road Foreman he intimidated most of the enginemen he supervised, even though he spoke softly. He was respected, however. Typically, Glenn would puff casually on a pipe while intelligently observing and analyzing the people around him. His knowledge was vast, with interests in metallurgy, fuel, train-handling, air brakes, and railroad history. He didn't take himself quite so seriously, and he had a big heart.

Bill Kuebler, Apple Valley, Minn.

Sacramento's dark side

Robert S. McGonigal's editorial, "They Got it Right in Sacramento" [page 3], is certainly true as it relates to SP cab-forward 4294. But there is a darker side to the California State Railroad Museum's work. Some years ago, the Santa Fe donated a considerable number of its saved locomotives to the museum, including two large ones, 4-8-4 2925 and 2-10-4 5021. If my information is correct, they were in, or close to, running condition. However, they have spent the intervening years exposed to the elements, and when I last saw them, they were on a siding of the museum's Sacramento Southern tracks next to the Sacramento River, exposed to taggers and vandals. What has happened to these two fine engines borders on the criminal.

James F. Trout, Folsom, Calif.

Fall: the good and the bad

The first thing I noticed when your Fall issue came was the yellow bar across the cover proclaiming "Passenger stations in Baltimore, Omaha, and Birmingham." Since I have lived all of my life in the Deep South, I was interested in seeing what I might learn about the Birmingham station. I thought it might be featured in "Bird's-Eye View" like the ones in Baltimore and Omaha, but no . . . I finally found it in "Bumping

Post," just one picture with a glorified caption. *Boooo!* On the other hand, I was pleased to see the Georgia Road featured as the "Fallen Flag" ["A Good and Unique Family Member," by C. K. Marsh Jr., pages 16–19]. I have been wanting to know more about this curious little railroad, and his article satisfied my curiosity for now. *Hooray!*

L. B. Groover III, Tyrone, Ga.

Railroading is about people

CLASSIC TRAINS is wonderful, especially your "The Way It Was" section toward the back. I retired from railroading after 38 years (train dispatcher for Boston & Maine; superintendent of train operations for Amtrak), so each personal story makes me feel warm about my chosen career. As I read the Fall 2009 issue, all was well until I got to "Beyond the Training Program," by Robert Siik [pages 82–83]. Having spent the first half of my career as a union employee and the second half as a management supervisor, I wondered why Mr. Siik has such a low opinion of the average dedicated railroad employee, so much so that he couldn't wait to replace them when they struck. Operating over a railroad division totally unqualified is a sacrilege, unprofessional, and dangerous. Come on, Mr. Siik . . . railroading is about people!

Carl H. Senftleben, Saugus, Mass.

Truckin' to Mexico

I am old enough (late 60s) to remember steam and great varnish, so I love CLASSIC TRAINS, and while I am not a nit-picker, I am also a lover of old Fords. So, I feel obligated to point out that in Stan Kistler's fine "One day at ... Zacatecas," when he mentions [page 33] his "1959 Ford F-150 truck," that can't be. The first Ford F-150 appeared for the 1975 model year; his '59 Ford had to be either an F-100 or an F-250.

John Shomin, Liberal, Mo.

Fall fumbles

- Page 57: In "Bird's-Eye View," Item 3 on Baltimore's stations, B&O's Howard Street tunnel goes to Camden Street Station, not Calvert Street.
- Page 91: In "Car Stop," Detroit Street Railways' PCC's closed out four years, not two, of PCC-only service after the Baker Line's 1952 abandonment.

Got a comment?

If you have a comment or correction, write us at Fast Mail, CLASSIC TRAINS, P.O. Box 1612, Waukesha, WI 53187-1612; e-mail: fastmail@classictrainsmag.com. Letters may be edited for length and clarity.

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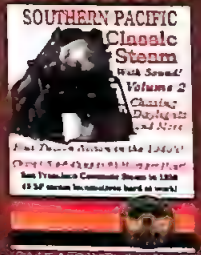

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True Color

Rainy day at Stratford

"True color" doesn't always have to mean vivid hues, and Exhibit A for today is this evocative scene in fall 1958 at Canadian National's station in Stratford, Ontario, also home to a major CN steam backshop. The late photographer did not label his slide with any details, but we know that three of the railway's more than 300 Pacifics—of slightly different size and all past age 40 but uniformly handsome and well-proportioned—are about to head west on two local trains. At right are K-1 class 5548 and K-3 5588 on a five-car train, while by the depot is K-3 5580 on another short consist. The locomotive at right rear, moving away from the coaling tower, is too far away to identify. No matter—the details here aren't that important. What is . . . is what would you give to have been standing here—yes, even in the rain—to witness all this, now a half century ago?

Frank Quin photo

Bangor & Aroostook: Maine's potato road

This intrastate Class 1 railroad linked the largest eastern United States county with two nations

Northern Maine's Bangor & Aroostook Railroad was a relative latecomer to the American railroad map, being organized under the General Laws of Maine on February 13, 1891. There had been earlier efforts, but this one succeeded in linking northern Maine to the central Maine city of Bangor and the country's rail network.

First was the Bangor & Piscataquis, incorporated on March 6, 1861, to build northwest into Piscataquis County toward Moosehead Lake and Greenville, seeking lumber and farming traffic. B&P also would have a western connection with what would become Canadian Pacific. B&P's eastern connection was with the European & North American (later a part of Maine Central) in Old Town, just north of Bangor. The first train ran on 5-foot, 6-inch-gauge track the 40 miles from Old Town to Dover and Foxcroft on December 14, 1869; B&P was standard-gauged in 1877 to conform with its E&NA connection.

From 1870 to 1890, potato production in Aroostook County increased 60-fold despite high freight charges and circuitous routes to major markets. A Houlton man, Albert A. Burleigh, figured that with county support, Aroostook could have its own railroad. His plan was to finance construction with money loaned on the credit of the county. The idea swept "The County" like wildfire, and the Bangor & Aroostook would be born within a year.

Some local perspective: Aroostook (Ah-ROOS-took), is a county, the largest east of the Mississippi River at 6,821 square miles. It spreads across the full breadth of northern Maine and extends 130 miles along the state's eastern border south from Madawaska, across from Edmundston, New Brunswick, Canada. The Aroostook River sort of cuts the county in half, running east through Caribou and Fort Fairfield.

Art Mitchell; Jerry Angier collection

Aided by Lionel, Bangor & Aroostook's 1950s refrigerated boxcars raised the railroad's profile.

It also should be noted that those of us living in Maine always have referred to the railroad as "the B&A." Until 1915, everyone knew the pike by that label, but down in the more populous part of New England, New York Central's subsidiary across Massachusetts, the Boston & Albany, was gaining recognition with those initials, so in the mainstream railroad world, Maine's B&A became "BAR," for its reporting marks.

Bangor & Aroostook

B&A's four F3B's didn't last long after this 1949 A-B-A publicity photo, being sold to the PRR.

Under Burleigh's plan, the new railroad would start north from a junction with the B&P in Brownville and head for Houlton, Presque Isle, and Caribou, with a branch from Dyer Brook Plantation (Oakfield) to Ashland. B&A leased the B&P on April 1, 1892.

During mid-April 1893, construction forces installed the first B&A switch at Aroostook Junction in Brownville, and the great undertaking was begun. In spite of dense forests, black flies, food shortages, and unpredictable weather, the first train reached Houlton, in a snowstorm, on December 16, 1893.

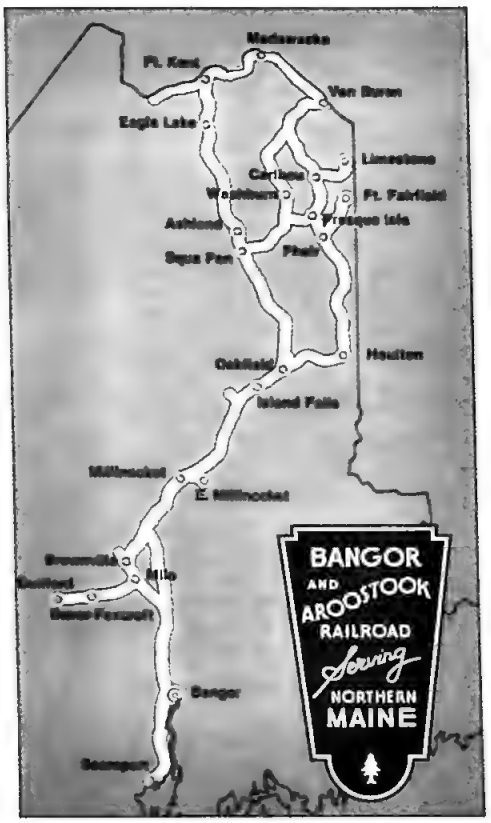
Track-laying continued northward from Houlton in 1894 at up to a mile and a quarter a day through Mars Hill to Presque Isle. Caribou was reached on December 17, 1894, and meantime the branch to Fort Fairfield was completed. The Patten–Sherman line (southwest of Island Falls) was opened in 1896, Caribou–Limestone in '97, Caribou–Van Buren in '99, and the Ashland Branch to Fort Kent in December 1902. A line from Fort Kent west to St. Francis was built in 1909, and the next year, the final line in far north Aroostook County, Van Buren–Fort Kent.

Further expansion included a low-grade cutoff between Squa Pan on the Ashland Branch and Stockholm (southwest of Van Buren) on the main line; a branch to Presque Isle; and—east of

By Jerry Angier

Ray F. Higgins

No. 170, one of three 1907 Rhode Island 2-8-0's, works at Millinocket on January 20, 1948.



Curiously, this pre-1962 map, from a railroad-issued magazine, omitted some place names.

Brownville—a 28-mile low-grade line, known as the Medford Cutoff, between South Lagrange and West Seboois. With those, the B&A had a two-track main line almost all the way from Millinocket to the Bangor area.

Two other important lines would be built. A large paper mill, which would become known as Great Northern Paper, was developed in Millinocket, and the B&A built a spur from Millinocket station to the mill in 1899. GNP soon became B&A's most valued customer and remained so for decades. In 1904, B&A President Franklin Cram was trying to find a way to build a line to a seaport outside the area served by Maine Central so the B&A could control the freight rates and provide GNP a through route to an ice-free port. Surveyors marked a route between South Lagrange and Searsport, and the Northern Maine Seaport Railroad was incorporated December 1, 1904, to build the new line to the sea. It was leased to the B&A on June 27, 1905, and finished by that November. As part of the Searsport line, B&A established an interchange with Maine Central in the town of Hermon, 6 miles west of Bangor, called Northern Maine Junction. This would eventually lead to abandonment of the line from South Lagrange to Old Town.

Another major undertaking was to establish a system backshop, near Milo. It was such a desolate location that the railroad also built a town there, which become known as Derby. The shops remain in operation today.

The last new B&A rails laid were those of the international link from Van Buren across the St. John River to St. Leonard, N.B., by the Van Buren Bridge Co., completed May 1, 1915, to link with a Canadian National predecessor. B&A could now prosper by moving paper, potatoes, and lumber products to tidewater at Searsport, to Canadian Pacific at Brownville Junction, to Maine Central at Northern Maine Junction, or into Canada at St. Leonard.

Modest varnish and small steam

Bangor & Aroostook's passenger service was a modest affair, although the railroad took good care of its passengers. Two through Bangor–Van Buren trains a day in each direction carried most of the business, and a daily local ran each way between Milo and Greenville (west of Brownville, also on CP). An Oakfield–Fort Kent train connected with a local to St. Francis, which during Prohibition became known as "the Gin Train" because Fort Kent is across the St. John River from Claire, N.B.

The B&A continued to make money through the Depression and into the 1950s. With new roads being built in northern Maine, however, rail freight and passenger business began to suffer, so the B&A took an unusual tack. On November 23, 1936, the first bus operated by the newly formed Bangor & Aroostook Transportation Co. left Limestone for Presque Isle. This was the beginning of the end of B&A's rail passenger service, which finally went to all-bus on September 4, 1961. It wasn't that the railroad didn't try, as it introduced three lightweight passenger coaches and two 6-section/4-double-bedroom/6-roomette sleepers in 1949. These cars were the mainstay of the *Aroostook Flyer* and the *Potatoland Special*. B&A's bus service ended in January 1984.

B&A steam locomotives were not large. After the 1920s, the roster consisted mainly of 0-8-0's, 2-8-0's, and 4-6-0's, plus 5 4-6-2's and 15 4-8-2's including 5 from the New York, Ontario & Western. The Maine road jumped at the diesel in 1947, receiving four gray-and-off-white F3A's and two F3B's. Seven more F3's (5 A's, 2 B's) followed in

William D. Volkmer; J. David Ingles collection

Harry L. Juday

The blue and off-white of GP7 63 (on exchange to PRR in Cleveland in '61) gave way to solid blue, as on BL2 51 at Northern Maine Junction in '71.

Ron Johnson photo, courtesy Jerry Angier

Last livery: GP38 83 leads five older Geeps south on train ON-28 at Island Falls in October '84.

1948, and then 14 units in '49: 4 NW2 switchers, 2 E7A's for the two mainline passenger trains, and 8 BL2's for local freight work. The B&A was not quite all-EMD, though, buying 5 GE/Cooper-Bessemer switchers from the New Haven in 1951.

Bangor & Aroostook was fully dieselized in less than four years, as the last steam ran on July 22, 1951, on the Greenville Branch, after delivery of 12 GP7's that were shared with the Pennsylvania Railroad. Five GP9's in 1954 finished B&A's "first-generation" fleet.

Freight business thrived into the late 1950s, when the railroad—helped by toy-train-maker Lionel's version—became famous for its red-white-and-blue refrigerated boxcars for potatoes that proudly proclaimed "State of Maine Products." But even those colorful cars couldn't turn the tide, as the numbers on the accounting sheets were getting closer to a break-even point each year.

Diversification and shrinkage

In an effort to diversify, Bangor & Aroostook Railroad in 1960 became Bangor Punta Corp., acquiring a commercial finance company; a manufacturer of sea skiffs; and a large engineering, manufacturing, and foundry firm in San Francisco.

Bowing to trends, the railroad began to shrink its physical plant in 1962, abandoning the Greenville Branch, but the future seemed to brighten on October 2, 1969, when F. C. "Buck" Dumaine bought the railroad from Bangor Punta. The B&A no longer had to pay dividends to Bangor Punta, which was good, because revenue declined to a drastically low level in 1970. It took a lot of belt-tightening, as well as leasing a large number of non-mechanical refrigerator cars for fresh fruit and vegetable traffic. Regardless, the next few years saw the end of potato traffic. B&A tried to keep the business, but it was dependent on its rail connections, and a big one to the south, Penn Central, didn't deliver loads in a timely manner, while trucks did.

Meantime, there were bright spots. In December 1976, the B&A began the annual "Turkey Train" to distribute a free turkey to every employee, a tradition that lasted until 1994. In 1983, President Walter Travis worked with the mechanical department to design a new locomotive paint scheme. After a few schemes were tried, the former dark blue with gold trim (which had succeeded the original but hard-to-see gray and off-white, then an attractive blue and off-white) began to disappear in favor of a vermilion, black, and gray livery that carried into the mid-'90s. The eight GP38's from 1966–67 got the new paint first, and then the first-generation F3's and BL2's. Owing to good care by the mechanical forces, B&A's first-generation units made it well into the 1990s, and some even still operate in 2009. Preserved in museums or on tourist lines are two of the BL2's (54 and 557, given its original number and named *American Railfan*) and two of the F3's (44 and 46).

By the early '90s, owing to dwindling revenue and soaring operating costs, it was time for major changes. The first, in 1994, was the purchase from CP of the line from Brownville Junction west

through Greenville to Sherbrooke, Quebec, after CP had received permission to abandon the Canadian portion.

Next was the sale of the railroad to Iron Road Railways Inc. in March 1995—the beginning of the end for the B&A as we in Maine knew it. Iron Road's eventual failure was helped by a partially failed recapitalization; a 15 to 20 percent drop in revenue owing to service problems with cars destined to former Conrail points after the 1999 split of CR to NS and CSX; and the 1997 change that saw the Association of American Railroads go to an automated car-hire system. Historically, the B&A had enjoyed the use of funds collected on behalf of other carriers for interline moves for a period of 30 to 90 days, but with the change, it faced a cash drain of millions, and had to come up with up to $5 million to clear the accounts.

These were the major factors that forced Iron Road into bankruptcy on August 15, 2001. After receiving several offers, the bankruptcy court in Boston approved the sale of the B&A to Rail World, of Chicago, headed by former Wisconsin Central Ltd. President Ed Burkhardt. The sale closed for $55 million on January 9, 2003, and after 111 years, the Bangor & Aroostook ceased to exist, as the property assumed Rail World's new name, the Montreal, Maine & Atlantic Railway. ■

B&A FACT FILE

(comparative figures are for 1930 and 1992)
Route-miles: 614; 414
Locomotives: 81; 45
Freight cars: 3,435; 2,835
Passenger cars: 83; 6 (business cars)
Headquarters city: Bangor, Maine (Northern Maine Junction)
Notable passenger trains: *Aroostook Flyer, Pennwand Special*
Recommended reading: *Bangor & Aroostook*, by Jerry Angier and Herb Cleaves (Flying Yankee Enterprises, 1986); *Bangor & Aroostook—The Life of a Maine Railroad Tradition*, Angier and Cleaves (Fleet Graphics, 2009)
Sources: *Train-Watcher's Guide to North American Railroads* (Kalmbach, 1992), and author's materials, including Bangor & Aroostook's 1930 annual report

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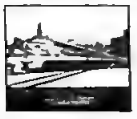
Your Pick of the Pack on the NYC
"This year, make a holiday homecoming your gift." This early 1950s advertisement by the Central invited holiday travelers to take their pick of the Great Steel fleet of streamlined NYC passenger trains, which plied the east and Midwest to "speed them home for the holidays."



Olympian Hiawatha leaves Chicago
The pride of the Milwaukee road's once great Hiawatha fleet was this Chicago to Seattle/Tacoma Super Dome Olympian Hiawatha, the first train to be equipped with domes between Chicago and the Pacific Northwest. Here, the famed streamliner is rounding the curve out of Chicago Union Station after its 1pm departure, with the Chicago skyline in the background.

New Passenger Power for the Burlington
This General Motors/EMD advertisement shows one of the Burlington's six new E9 passenger locomotives leading a "Q" streamliner through a cold wintry night, no doubt taking folks home for the holidays.

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Cannon Ball *runs*

Named after a folk song in 1950, Wabash's modest Detroit–St. Louis dayliner was your "train next door"

By J. David Ingles
Photos from the author's collection

Was the *Wabash Cannon Ball* truly "America's train?" Could be. It was a train without parallel. Literally. Wabash had no direct rail competition for its 489-mile run linking what at mid-century were America's fifth- and tenth-largest cities, Detroit (1.6 million) and St. Louis (750,000).

Service was basic, and mail and express were as important as passengers. The route hosted two trains in each direction, one daytime, one overnight, and this held until shortly before Amtrak started. They served the Heartland before that became a catch-phrase for Midwestern, small-town America . . . although the railroad came to employ a heart-shaped map emblem with the slogan, "Serving the Heart of America." Later, Wabash touted its "Cannon Ball Freight Service."

Among the train's 15 stops between the Motor City and metro St. Louis were a half-dozen 15,000-ish county-seat towns, spaced among four regional commercial centers: Fort Wayne and Lafayette, Ind., and Danville and Decatur, Ill.

Listen to the jingle, the rumble and the roar . . .

Many folk songs in America, having their origin in human wanderlust, cite trains or railroads, some real and some imaginary: "Orange Blossom Special," "Midnight Special," "City of New Orleans," "Rock Island Line," "Wreck of the Old 97." In fact, some say the folk song "Wabash Cannonball" first appeared on sheet music in 1882, credited to J. A. Roff with the title "The Great Rock Island Route."

. . . as she glides along the woodland, over hills and by the shore.

As with a lot of songs, specific origins in a younger America can be hazy. What is known is that the Carter Family made one of the first recordings of the song with "Wabash Cannonball" lyrics in 1929, though it was not released until 1932. Another popular version was recorded by Country Music Hall of Famer Roy Acuff in 1936. Specific words in many verses vary from performer to performer.

Although she's tall and handsome, and known quite well by all . . .

During the Great Depression, when "hobo-ing" on freight trains became a popular, and sometimes economically necessary, way of travel, the song gained popularity, and became an American staple. In April 1950, St. Louis–headquartered Wabash Railroad, whose name stems from the river valley its line follows across north central Indiana, brought back the name "Wabash Cannon Ball" (usually three words) and bestowed it on its Detroit–St. Louis daytime service. According to William Day of Ohio's *Toledo Blade*, who wrote of the train in April 1959, the road considered two versions of the train name's origin credible, both in the 1880s. One was a St. Louis–Omaha train in 1888, the other a Chicago–Kansas City train in 1884.

. . . she's a reg'lar 'commodation, the Wabash Cannonball.

Prior to 1950, Wabash's four Detroit–St. Louis trains, in the road's fashion on

Two photos, J. David Ingles

On the cusp of the St. Louis area, at Edwardsville, Ill. (main photo), two E7's glide to a stop with the westbound *Wabash Cannon Ball* in July 1959. At Montpelier, Ohio, on April 12, 1959 (left), *Cannon Ball* conductor "Pat" Patterson readies for the coupling up of cars of Michigan Railroad Club's special from South Bend, Ind., to No. 4's parlor *City of Decatur*.

George Krambles; Krambles-Peterson Archive

This may be, in fact, the northbound *Banner Blue* leaving Decatur, Ill., on June 1, 1952, but in this period, it and the *Cannon Ball* were lookalikes.

all its routes, carried the simplest of names: *St. Louis Special* and *St. Louis Limited* for the westbound daytime and nighttime runs, trains 1 and 3, respectively, with "Detroit" substituted on the eastbounds, Nos. 4 and 2. (Wabash did have a plain *The Midnight* between Chicago and St. Louis until fall 1960, and until earlier that year a *Midnight Limited* between Kansas City and St. Louis, but no *Midnight Special*—that was the name of rival Alton Route's premier Chicago–St. Louis overnighter.)

The *Wabash Cannon Ball* was not a fast train, usually carded for 9 to 10 hours, an average of about 50 mph on a route that was two-thirds single-track (double track at each end). The *Cannon Ball* was all-American in makeup, as unpretentious as its territory. With no competition, Wabash in 1950 did not feel the need to streamline it—the famous folk song name was an inexpensive alternative. (Wabash had debuted its ACF streamliner *City of Kansas City* against Missouri Pacific's *Missouri River Eagle* in 1947, and introduced its $1.5 million St. Louis–Chicago Budd domeliner *Blue Bird* against Illinois Central and GM&O on February 26, 1950.)

Ironically, the *Wabash Cannon Ball* might never have been steam-powered. Handsome trim Pacifics, a few painted blue, handled the Detroit–St. Louis day trains until Wabash's E8's began arriving in 1949. The road's four PA's came at the same time for the night trains, while its four E7's, which migrated into systemwide use, originally were for St. Louis–Kansas City trains and the *Blue Bird*. By the late 1950s, 20 steam-generator-equipped Geeps joined the cast.

The early *Cannon Ball*'s consists were entirely "standard," or heavyweight, usually a baggage and/or storage mail car or two, a daily-except-Sunday RPO, two or three coaches, a meal car, and a first-class car on the rear, operated by Pullman.

According to *Official Guides*, the rear car was a "café-parlor" until the *Cannon Ball* name change, when more glamorous vehicles were assigned: "Observation parlor car, Drawing Room (P-1 and P-4), Dining-Lounge (radio), and Chair Cars [Wabash's, and others', terms for day coaches]," to quote the *Guide*. "Reclining seats" came later. On my rides, I don't ever recall anyone playing, or listening to, a radio.

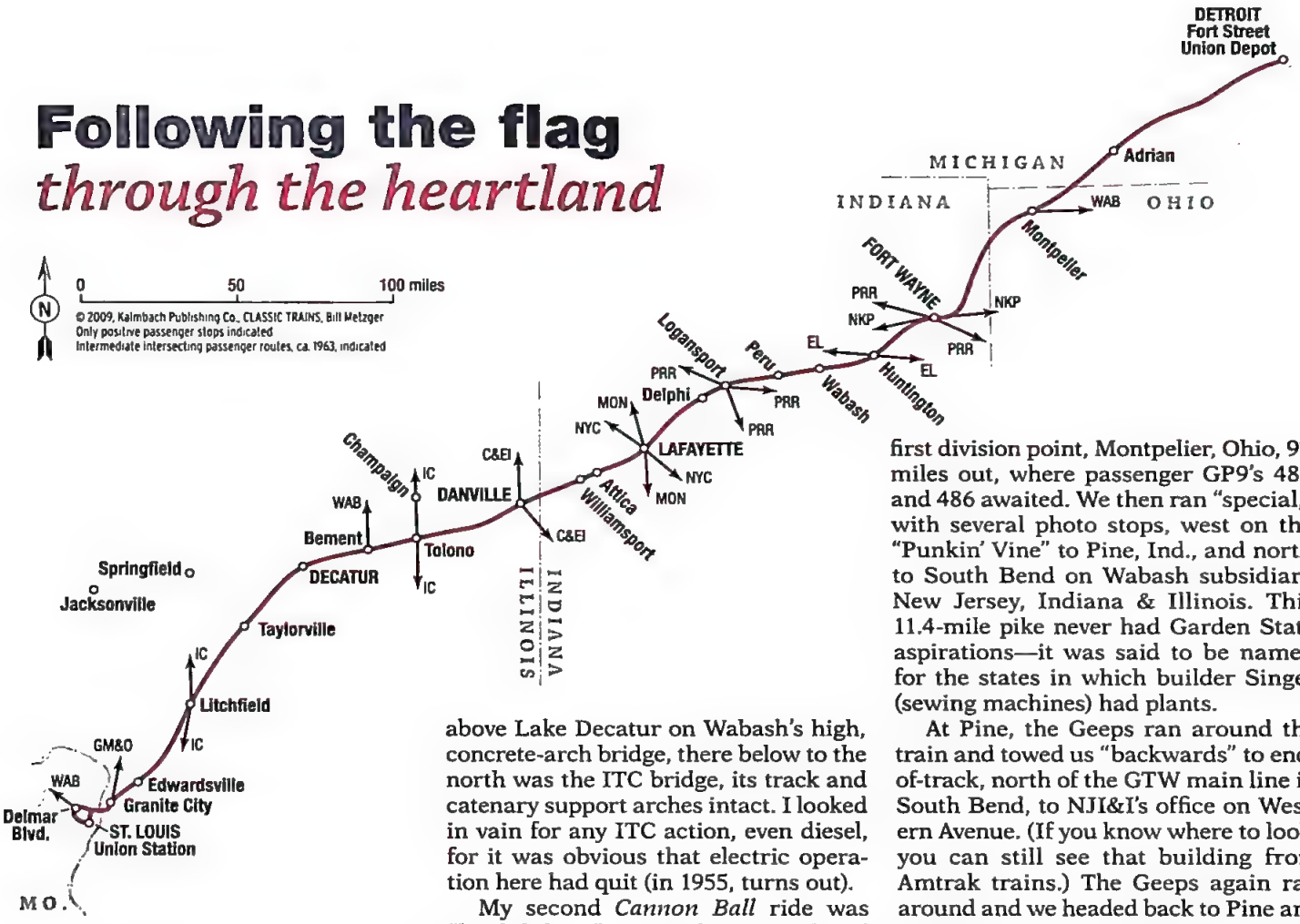
And what vehicles those regulars were: Pullman's *Helena Modjeska* and *Embassy*—each with a drawing room up front, then two dozen individual swivel seats, and yes, an open rear observation platform. As backup or busy-season supplements, two sister Pullman parlors were available: *Queen Anne* and *Diplomat*, which had enclosed rear ends with large solarium windows. I would come to know the foursome by their new, Wabash-oriented names: *City of Lafayette* and *City of Wabash*, applied in 1954, and *City of Peru* and *City of Danville*, renamed in late 1956.

Up close and personal

Although the *Wabash Cannon Ball* cut a swath 125 miles away and perpendicular to my Chicago origins, it flooded into my train-ride logbook during the late 1950s and early '60s. Our family moved in 1956 from Homewood, a Chicago suburb, to Dearborn, Mich., next to Detroit, and by 1962 I was attending college in central Illinois. From school, if I could get 60 miles east to Decatur, Wabash's operating hub, the *Cannon Ball* provided a straight shot home—faster than via Chicago and avoiding a change of trains.

I first rode the train in 1957. A Chicago cousin and his family had relocated to Decatur, and my mother, sister, and I, a young high-schooler, made a round trip to see them. No photos of this jaunt exist, but I recall the consist to be typical of the pre-1960 era: one or two E units and six or seven blue heavyweight cars. As we boarded at Fort Street Union Depot, I noted that the rear car had an open platform. We were going coach, but down in Indiana after we finished lunch in the diner, I gathered my courage and went back to the parlor, asking the attendant if I could go stand on the back platform for a few minutes. He readily agreed, with the

Following the flag
through the heartland



warning to remain back by the windows, not out by the railing. Unfortunately, my sister, then 11 or 12, insisted in tagging along, and after only about 10 minutes out there, she'd had enough, so I glumly led her back to our seats.

Although without camera, I retain mental images from that ride, permanent impressions that helped entrench the warm spot in my soul occupied by this unremarked, all-American small-town route across five states. Wabash's Fort Wayne station was across from the main line of the mighty Pennsylvania, just west of the diamonds at "Wabash" Tower (later "Mike"); a quarry near Peru, Ind., had left two or three unused saddle-tank steam engines alongside parallel U.S. 24; one of the few sharp curves on the route, at Attica, Ind., enabled one to see clearly the train's power from your seat; an electric utility barn in Danville, Ill., still had an old box-cab electric motor parked alongside; and next to the double track from Bement to Decatur, the parallel Illinois Terminal line from Champaign still had intact lineside poles and carrier wire from interurban times. As we sailed above Lake Decatur on Wabash's high, concrete-arch bridge, there below to the north was the ITC bridge, its track and catenary support arches intact. I looked in vain for any ITC action, even diesel, for it was obvious that electric operation here had quit (in 1955, turns out).

My second *Cannon Ball* ride was "hitch-hiking" on Michigan Railroad Club's "Spring Rail Fan Trip" diesel excursion, on the sunny Sunday of April 12, 1959. Club officers said it was a break-even outing to thank MRC regulars who worked hard on the frequent Grand Trunk Western steam trips. Today we'd call it a "rare mileage trip." Three coaches, a cafe-lounge, and open-platform parlor *City of Wabash*, all heavyweights, were attached to No. 1 out of Fort Street, and uncoupled at the first division point, Montpelier, Ohio, 97 miles out, where passenger GP9's 485 and 486 awaited. We then ran "special," with several photo stops, west on the "Punkin' Vine" to Pine, Ind., and north to South Bend on Wabash subsidiary New Jersey, Indiana & Illinois. This 11.4-mile pike never had Garden State aspirations—it was said to be named for the states in which builder Singer (sewing machines) had plants.

At Pine, the Geeps ran around the train and towed us "backwards" to end-of-track, north of the GTW main line in South Bend, to NJI&I's office on Western Avenue. (If you know where to look, you can still see that building from Amtrak trains.) The Geeps again ran around and we headed back to Pine and Montpelier, where Baldwin switcher 301 tacked our cars behind No. 4's parlor car. This outing would set the table for me to enjoy excursions in the post-steam era, which was almost upon us.

Connections for the west

My next two *Cannon Ball* runs came quickly that summer. For our family's annual June vacation to Colorado ["Overnight to Denver," Spring 2004 CLASSIC TRAINS], we'd always taken the

Harry L. Juday

With E7 1017 in the lead, No. 1 clears the Ambassador Bridge as it leaves Detroit in early 1965.

Three photos, J. David Ingles

The author's father, John Ingles, a Detroit, Toledo & Ironton official, arranged for himself and his son to ride the cab of No. 1 from Decatur to St. Louis in July '59. At Decatur (top), the engine change is complete as John (in gray jacket) chats with a Wabash official. In the cab of PA 1021 south of Decatur (center), the engineer, a cigar clamped in his mouth (the road foreman is at right), strikes a classic pose. Near Mount Olive, No. 1 meets the *Banner Blue*, with two PA's.

Burlington from Chicago, but now living near Detroit, Dad saw an opportunity for something different: Wabash-UP via St. Louis and Kansas City.

Out of Detroit our *Cannon Ball* had a typical consist, behind those same GP9's, 485 and 486: a baggage car, an RPO, a rebuilt heavyweight coach, two streamlined coaches, a heavyweight café-lounge, and parlor *City of Danville*. At Montpelier, a different Baldwin, 201, added two deadhead heavyweights behind the parlor: rebuilt coach 1411 and full dining car 33, and at Fort Wayne, Chairman Arthur K. Atkinson's fluted-side business car 400 was tacked on the rear. Atkinson, a passenger-friendly executive, served as Wabash President from 1947 (his 25th year with the company) until July 1959, when he was named Chairman and succeeded by Herman H. Pevler, an executive with PRR, which had a stake in the Wabash.

A big surprise for me came at Decatur. Dad, through his connections with Wabash folks as Chief Mechanical Engineer for the Detroit, Toledo & Ironton, which fed a lot of Ford Motor interchange traffic to Wabash, had arranged for us to ride the locomotive cab to St. Louis. Even better, for me, was that when the usual westbound power change-out occurred at Decatur, our Geeps were exchanged for Alco PA 1021 and an E8. With the engineer, a road foreman, and Dad in the cab, I reveled in the 108 glorious miles to Wabash's outlying Delmar Boulevard station in St. Louis, where we disembarked to make the guaranteed 30-minute connection with the *City of St. Louis* for Kansas City and, via UP, Denver. On another trip to St. Louis, later in the summer, my *Cannon Ball* had twin E7A's, the 1001-1001A duo bought for the *City of St. Louis*, which in early days ran through to Denver. Adjusting the *Cannon Ball*'s westbound schedule for western connections, especially the *City* at Delmar but also with MoPac, Frisco, and Katy at Union Station, was a priority in Wabash's passenger department.

"Cannon Ball run" No. 5 was a year later. When business drew Dad to Oklahoma City in December 1960 ["One Day at . . . Sapulpa, Okla.," Spring 2008], I went along, and we skipped a considered GTW-Santa Fe routing via Chicago in favor of Wabash-Frisco via St. Louis. I left a day ahead of Dad, riding to Decatur to meet with my friend Dick Wallin, a student at Millikin University there. We shot train pictures around town during the afternoon and the following morning, until Dad arrived on the next *Cannon Ball*, behind GP9's 493 and 486. The train's parlors had come off with

Hank Goerke; Dick Wallin collection

Lafayette, June 25, 1961: Author Dave Ingles' friend, the late Hank Goerke, in composing his photo of No. 4 arriving, managed to include Dave (far right) in his frame. They have just walked over from the Monon depot. The PA is newly renumbered; E8 1006 wears an experimental livery.

the October 1960 timetable change, so I wouldn't get to ride in an open-platform parlor on the Wabash until the late '60s, when the *City of Lafayette* was in use on what by then were Norfolk & Western's Chicago trains.

Out of Decatur with Dad, our No. 1 had two PA's. At St. Louis Union Station, we had a comfortable 90-minute connection to Frisco's overnight *Meteor* for Oklahoma. We returned east on the *Meteor*, too, but after a day taking pictures with Wallin around his home St. Louis area, Dad and I rode home on the B&O, on the *Metropolitan* overnight to Cincinnati, connecting with the *Cincinnatian*—which still boasted its original 1947 equipment, including an observation car. "Rare mileage" wasn't in the lexicon yet, but we were always interested in riding new routes and trains.

The next summer, a bit of *Official Guide* scheming put me on the *Cannon Ball* for home . . . from Chicago! My Detroit railfan buddy, the late Hank Goerke, and I drove to the Windy City with photographer Emery Gulash and a couple of others to ride a Burlington "mixed train" fantrip from Chicago to Oregon, Ill., behind 4-8-4 No. 5632, on Saturday, June 24, 1961.

Emery and the others were going to stay around Chicago, but Hank and I had to get home on Sunday. How to go? The direct New York Central and GTW routes were old-hat, so we devised an L-shaped itinerary: Monon's *Thoroughbred* to Lafayette and the *Wabash Cannon Ball* home. In those days, an

J. David Ingles

Cafe-lounge 1568, trailing No. 1 as it departs Fort Wayne on August 10, 1963, was one of two regulars on the *Cannon Ball*, rebuilt from 1927 Pullmans when the train received its new name.

85-minute connection was reliable, and Monon didn't let us down; we had plenty of time to walk a few blocks to the Wabash depot. Newly renumbered Alco PA 1050 (ex-1020) and E8 1006, in an experimental dark blue with an orange stripe, did the honors on train 4.

Post-merger rainbows

I enrolled at MacMurray College in Jacksonville, Ill., in 1962, and over the next three and a half years, rode the GM&O between Chicago and Springfield more than I rode the Wabash. Decatur, though, was sufficiently handy, by bus or in friends' cars, that I logged more than a half dozen *Wabash Cannon Ball* round trips. I learned to enjoy Wabash's chicken pot pie and other delights, often in the usual café-lounges, 1568 and 1569, rebuilt in 1950 in Decatur Shops from 1927 Pullmans.

When lightweight coaches were in the train, there was no problem in opening a vestibule Dutch door to snap photos. I tried to be alert when it was time for the *Cannon Ball*s to meet, east of Bement (where double track ended as the Chicago and Detroit lines split). Usually this was at one of the passing sidings between Tolono (the stop for nearby Champaign, home of the University of Illinois) and Tilton (an old Wabash division point just west of Danville).

Most trips were routine, but one on No. 4 was not. It was April 6, 1963, and I was heading home for a week's spring break; we had a pair of E8's and a seven-car train. As we pulled into Peru, where the conductors changed out, I

On a four-day "railfan crawl" from Springfield, Ill., to South Bend, Ind., after Dick Wallin's wedding, the author and friend Louis Marre were welcomed into Clymers tower southwest of Logansport to photograph No. 1, behind E8's 1011 and 1000, hitting the Pennsy diamond on September 4, 1963.

heard commotion, then sirens . . . and here came the local fire department! Turns out something, possibly the air-conditioning unit, under the center of the third (of three) coaches, ex-*City of K.C.* car 1426, was on fire. Our delay was not long.

In October 1964, Wabash's flag fell with its lease to Norfolk & Western in the merger with Nickel Plate and two small freight-only Class 1's. Sure enough, in the next timetable, the *Cannon Ball* lost its prefix *Wabash*. Justice quickly prevailed, though. The loss was brief, for in the next timecard, April 1965, the full name was restored.

Before and after the merger, two factors allowed the train to continue assuming a more modern look. First, more equipment was available to replace older cars. Wabash had bought lightweights from Boston & Maine in 1957-58 (12 coaches, 2 café-lounges, 2 baggage-coaches), and issued a release about adding streamlined cars to the *Banner Blue* and *Wabash Cannon Ball*, along with a "Silver Dollar Dinner" in the diners, but neglected to mention the cars weren't new! Then N&W moved

Two photos, J. David Ingles

Great (*Cannon*) balls of fire: A slight delay is incurred by No. 4 at Peru, Ind., on April 6, 1963.

Ex-NKP RS36's approach the Lake Decatur bridge at Sangamon, Ill., with No. 301 in fall '67.

Cannon Ball *locomotives*

Road numbers	Model	Quantity	Year(s) built	Notes
Wabash				
450-483	GP7	34	1950-53	453 built by GMD in Canada; 11 had steam generators (454-458, 464, 474, 479-482)
484-489	GP9	6	1954	All built with steam generators
490-495	GP9	6	1956	493-495 built with steam generators and dual controls
1000 (1st)	E7A	1	1946	Bought, lettered for *City of K.C.*; to 1002A in '51, 1017 in '61
1000 (2nd)	E8A	1	1951	Bought for *Blue Bird*; to N&W 3800
1001-1001A	E7A	2	1947	Bought for *City of St. Louis*; 1001A to 1016 in 1961
1002	E7A	1	1949	E8 grilles added to sides when repainted solid blue
1003-1008	E8A	6	1949	1003 was EMD's first E8A; 1006, 1008 to N&W 3806, 3808
1009-1013	E8A	5	1951	1009 designated by EMD as its 10,000th unit; preserved at Virginia Museum of Transportation; 1012 to N&W 3812
1014-1015	E8A	2	1953	1013, 1014 destroyed in fiery grade-crossing collision at Taylor, Mich., on *Detroit Limited* in 1961; 1015 to N&W 3815
1020&A-1021&A	PA1	4	1949	Bought for *Detroit, St. Louis Limiteds*; to 1050-1053 in 1961
Norfolk & Western				
500-521	GP9	22	1957-58	Dual controls; at least 12 different units assigned, at times, to Decatur after 1964 merger
522-565	GP30	44	1962	Occasional use; no steam generators; geared for 71 mph
2477-2485 series	GP9	5	1955-56	Ex-Nickel Plate 477-485; 5 verified reassigned to Decatur
2874-2875	RS36	2	1962	Ex-Nickel Plate 874-875
3450-3483 series	GP7	Quantity unknown	1952-53	Ex-Wabash 450-483; only a few verified as working in N&W passenger service
3484-3495	GP9	12	1954-56	Ex-Wabash 484-495; not all repainted to N&W before 1971
3800-3815 series	E8A	5	1949-53	Only 5 repainted N&W and renumbered, ex-Wabash 1000, 1006, 1008, 1012, 1015, keeping same last two digits

J. David Ingles

South of Decatur after the *Cannon Ball* and *Banner Blue* were combined, the former's passengers could enjoy a dome, although on November 20, 1966, N&W has placed a storage mail car behind the ex-*Blue Bird* parlor observation! Power is ex-Wabash E8 3815 and "Pocahontas" GP9 511.

John Stubblefield

"Cannonball Freight Service" hoppers on a westbound freight pass No. 304, behind former NKP GP9 2478 and an unrepainted Wabash GP9, west of the Decatur station in February '67.

Domes *for the Cannon Ball?*

Believe it or not, the *Wabash Cannon Ball* might've gotten dome cars, had an idea of President Arthur K. Atkinson ever gotten traction. In a letter to Union Pacific President A. E. Stoddard on April 27, 1954, concerning mostly the Wabash's efforts to improve timekeeping of its St. Louis–Kansas City end of the *City of St. Louis*, and the scheduling of the *Cannon Ball* to reliably connect with it at Delmar station, Atkinson mused, "You advised that the equipment that was taken out of the consist of trains 9 and 10 [the *City*] for use in service out of Chicago will be returned after you receive your new passenger cars . . . At that time I indicated that Wabash would be prepared to participate in new equipment for the *City of St. Louis* [which it did—see DREAM TRAINS-2 2009]."

Atkinson noted UP's order for dome cars and wondered if any would be for the *City*, citing Missouri Pacific's competing and dome-equipped St. Louis–Denver *Colorado Eagle*. Wrote Atkinson: "I am seriously contemplating providing dome cars for our *Wabash Cannon Ball* between Detroit and St. Louis, now making a connection with No. 9, and may even follow your lead in going to a dome diner." Atkinson went on to allude to working out an arrangement with St. Louis-based carbuilder ACF, if the plan for more equipment proceeded. Union Pacific did put domes on the *City*, but the reality of shrinking passenger ridership as the 1950s advanced kept Atkinson's "dome dream" for the *Cannon Ball* just that.—*J.D.I.*

some of its own, and former Nickel Plate, cars to the St. Louis pool (the last NKP train came off a year after the merger).

Moreover, Wabash back in October 1959 had made an operating change, combining the *Cannon Ball* with the *Blue Bird* from St. Louis to Decatur and with the *Banner Blue* from Decatur southward. This saved two crews and terminal charges at St. Louis Union Station, and freed up a few cars. As the *Cannon Ball* and *City of Kansas City* lost their parlor cars, the three lightweights (flat-top, round-end 1600 from the K.C. train, plus dome observation 1601 and mid-train dome 1602 from the *Bird*) were reassigned. This allowed sidelining or retiring the open-platform heavyweights (only the *City of Lafayette* was kept, as a standby substitute). The *Blue Bird*'s single consist, by now not turned in Chicago to save time and money, usually had 1602, while the *Banner*, with two consists, was upgraded with the 1600 on one and the 1601 on the other.

Transitions up front

Motive power, of course, also changed. By late '65, N&W had retired Wabash's four PA's and four E7's, and some of the E8's, bringing over to Decatur and St. Louis a dozen GP9's from its "Pocahontas" lines, plus, from the Nickel Plate fleet, five passenger GP9's and the two passenger Alco RS36's (bought when NKP's PA's were retired). The 500-series "Pocahontas" GP9's, delivered in red but by now all blue, had dual controls (only the last three Wabash GP9's, 493-495, did, mainly for the Chicago commuter train), and toward the end, after the RPO's were yanked in 1967, the train sometimes got down to a lone 500 and just three cars: baggage, coach, and café. A locomotive oddity we'd see on the *Cannon Ball* after N&W took over

was a 522-series freight-service (no steam generator) GP30.

Permit a word here about Wabash's passenger GP9's. They seemed to show up on many of my *Cannon Ball* runs, but of all my dozens of trackside photos, the E units ruled. We saw the Geeps in Detroit a lot, though, because a pair normally was kept there as protection power. The two trains from St. Louis were due into Detroit only about an hour before the westbounds were due out, and the normal pair of E's or PA's flipped right back. As backup, two Geeps held down the daytime Detroit–Toledo freight, a turn, so they'd be handy if needed. During the holiday mail rush, Wabash/N&W abandoned the quick power turnaround, and we'd see E units parked during the day at Wabash's Oakwood yard diesel house in suburban Melvindale.

The net result of the diesel and car changes was that the *Cannon Ball* and kin became "rainbow trains." The Geeps, RS36's, and remaining E8's were blue or black, lettered N&W or Wabash (five E8's were relettered N&W). The cars wore blue, Tuscan red, Pullman green (the odd NKP head-end car), or yellow (from the Wabash-UP pool), or had full or half fluted exteriors, with letterboards of blue or red (as N&W painted a few NKP cars before switching from red to blue for passenger equipment). The trains became a modeler's dream.

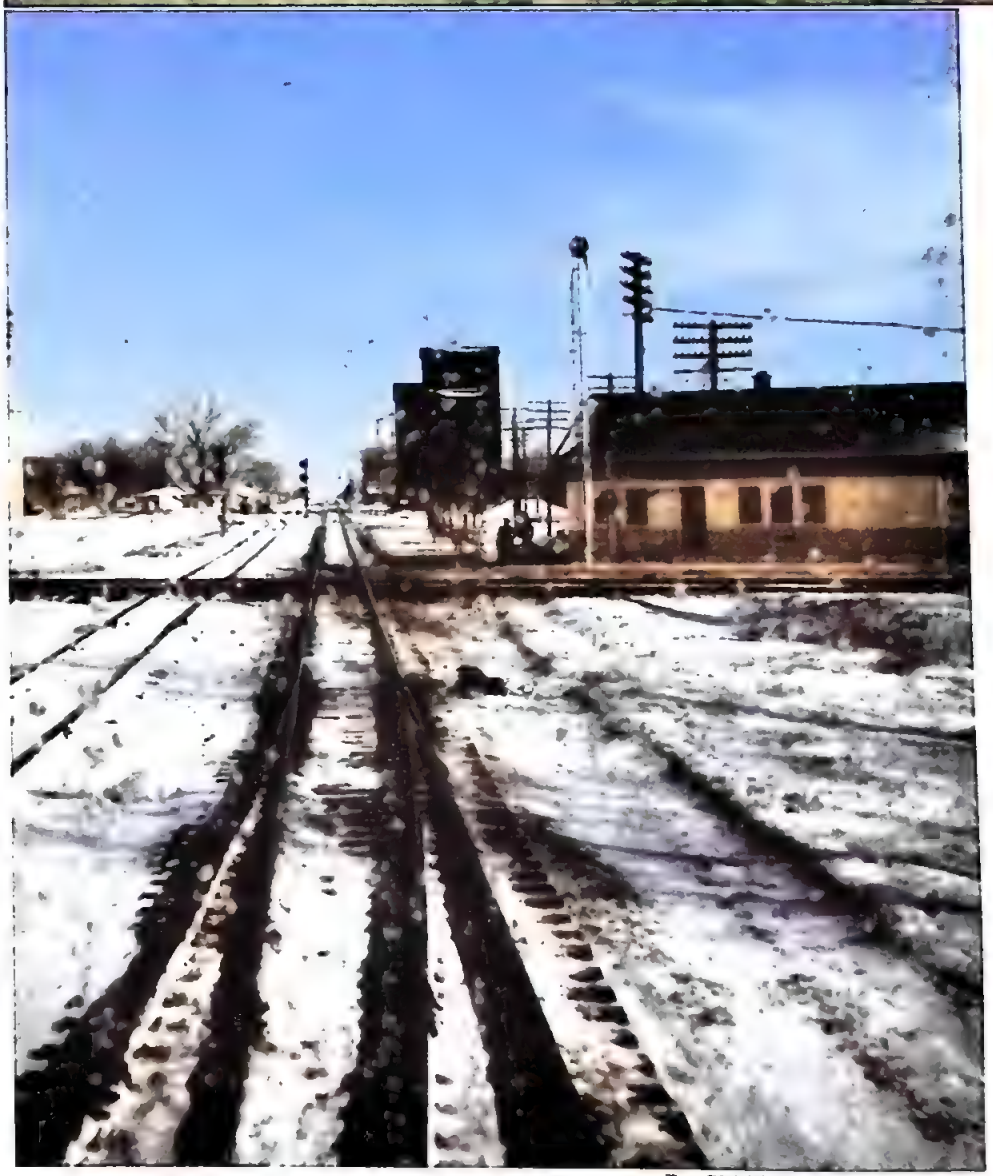
The second spoon stirring the mix was the increasing general passenger-train malaise, which resulted in several Wabash trains being discontinued. The overnight St. Louis–Chicago and –K.C. trains had come off in 1960, but after the merger came more change.

In October 1966, N&W renumbered the Detroit–St. Louis trains from 1-4 to 301-304 (the night trains were the "2's" and "3's"). In 1968, the *City of Kansas City* and N&W's portion of the *City of St. Louis* came off, leaving only MoPac to handle the cross-Missouri trade. The overnight *St. Louis/Detroit Limiteds*, 302 and 303, also were dropped, although they carried a 14-4 sleeper to the end.

Amid all this, the *Cannon Ball* soldiered on, although N&W in April 1968 replaced its diner-lounges with "buffet coach" cars and did try, beginning in late '67, to drop the train. Twice the ICC rebuffed the effort (again in '69), although N&W did get the *Banner Blue* off [sidebar, page 32]. As with many U.S. train-off attempts of the era, the loss of lucrative postal contracts played a part.

Another exotic routing

Ever a student of the *Official Guide*, I devised another unusual routing involv-



Top, Dick Wallin; above, J. David Ingles

Little Tolono, being close to Champaign-Urbana, home of the University of Illinois, was an important stop for the *Cannon Ball*. On June 3, 1967 (top), the connecting Champaign bus meets No. 304, with one of the occasional N&W freight GP30's up front. In December 1960 (above), No. 1 clears the Illinois Central mainline diamonds; IC passenger trains did not stop at Tolono.

Cannon Ball *cousins*

J. David Ingles

Terry Cook drove as he and photographer Dick Wallin paced the last southbound *Banner Blue* on Route 66 north of Litchfield (above). At Detroit's Fort Street Union Depot bumping post in 1960, DT&I's only business car, 1907, carried the markers of the *St. Louis Limited*.

The Chicago–St. Louis ***Banner Blue***, a train I'd had scant chance to ride, was similar to the *Wabash Cannon Ball*. Except for the occasional ex-B&M lightweight, the *Banner* had been a train of blue heavyweights until 1960, when it began using some cars off the *City of K.C.* and the *Blue Bird*.

Unlike the *Cannon Ball*, though, the *Banner* kept its parlor cars right to the end, which occurred September 9, 1967. The *City of Lafayette*, relettered Norfolk & Western, had been resuscitated and was carrying the markers on one *Banner* trainset, so I joined the mourners and made a last-run round trip, from Decatur to Litchfield. I went first-class, riding south in the *City of Lafayette* and north in the former *City of K.C.* round-end observation 1600.

I also made several trips on the Detroit overnight trains, and the most memorable one involved meal cars. This was in 1959 on our family's return from Denver on the *City of St. Louis*. Unbeknownst to us, Wabash had just removed the dining cars from trains 2 and 3, which we didn't learn until we boarded the *Detroit Limited* for its 6:30 p.m. departure and headed for our bedrooms. The second Pullman was a Pennsylvania bedroom-lounge car, which did serve snacks, so that became our "dinner in the diner."—*J.D.I.*

ing the *Cannon Ball* on November 11, 1967. I had gone from Springfield, now my home, to visit my parents in Michigan, by train via Chicago. Going back, I came up with a way to avoid both Chicago and a bus ride or imposing on friends from Decatur. I had a normal run on N&W 301, out of Fort Street on-time at 7:15 a.m. with GP9 506, baggage 1389, two 1700-series coaches, and ex-B&M cafe-lounge 1571. For the first time in ages, I didn't detrain at Decatur, where we left 22 minutes late at 2:12 p.m. This had meaning, for I was destined for Litchfield, Ill., where I disembarked an hour later, still 20 minutes behind schedule. After walking two blocks east, I still had a no-stress connection to IC's northbound *Green Diamond* at 3:53 for Springfield, where I arrived in time to go to work at 5:30 p.m. The IC train came off south of the state capital in 1968.

Then, on my last *Cannon Ball* run before its finale, I rode from Decatur to Granite City, joining friends from the Michigan Railroad Club on their "Golden Triangle," a charter of two coaches and the *City of Lafayette* on an April 20-21, 1968, weekend trip to St. Louis. Friend Dennis Smolinski, now a career GTW/CN railroader, was a passenger; he recalls that he "skipped my high school senior class trip" for the excursion, "a wise choice."

"We took turns riding the parlor car," he said, "rotating in three groups at Fort Wayne and Decatur on the *Cannon Ball* on Saturday, and at Decatur and Gibson City on Sunday on the *Blue Bird*, which picked up a full diner at Decatur for our group. Saturday, we got off at Delmar to go to the National Museum of Transport."

On Saturday, I rode to Decatur in Dick Wallin's Pontiac Tempest, joined the MRC gang, and disembarked at Granite City to catch GM&O's *Limited* back to Springfield in time for work Saturday evening. Early next morning, I drove to St. Louis, and after visiting with the MRC folks at Union Station, I drove ahead of them over to Granite City for a farewell photo sequence. The *City of Lafayette* sported a *Cannon Ball* drumhead from Detroiter Fred Bauer, whose collection now is displayed in the National Railroad Museum in Green Bay, Wis. The group returned to Detroit from Chicago on Sunday by making the 40-minute Dearborn Station connection to GTW's *Mohawk*.

Last shot

The *Cannon Ball* was one of 11 daily trains (in each direction) serving St. Louis Union Station when Amtrak took over on May 1, 1971. I was still living in Springfield, and I made sure to include the *Cannon Ball* in my itinerary of last runs. I'd taken IC 22, named *Governor's Special* since its truncation, to Chicago on April 27, and two days later ridden IC's *Hawkeye* out to Manchester, Iowa, and back, in preparation for the final

John Stubblefield

On the wane: On April 25, 1971, a "Pocahontas" GP9 leads No. 301 across Lake Decatur; note the ITC bridge piers between the arches.

day (on most roads) of private intercity passenger trains.

I rode three last runs, first the *Governor's Special* out of Central Station at 8:15 behind IC's last two E6's, 4001 and 4003, with baggage combine 1850, diner-lounge 3341, and five coaches. We arrived in Springfield about noon, 15 minutes late, and I drove my '68 Ford Galaxie to Decatur to board the last *Wabash Cannon Ball*. It ambled in, over an hour late, with an all-N&W consist: blue GP9's 511 and 521, a baggage car, diner-lounge 1050 (ex-50, the *City of K.C.* car) and coaches 1832 (ex-1425, also *City of K.C.*) and 1709 (ex-NKP 109).

Like all good, heavily patronized last runs do, the *Cannon Ball*'s left Decatur late: 1 hour 17 minutes at 2:57 p.m. We tied up at St. Louis Union Station at 5:17, just 55 minutes late. My day wasn't done, as I photographed two MoPac last runs before riding my third, GM&O No. 6, the *Midnight Special,* to Chicago. A lonely consist of two E7's, five head-end cars, and a solitary coach pulled out at 10:32, 2 minutes late, and we were about an hour down at the three (of 10) stops I was awake for. We arrived Chicago Union Station 22 minutes late, at 5:52, ending my pre-Amtrak train travels, and I photographed many other last arrivals over the next two days.

Amtrak would keep, and improve, service on the GM&O route, but if you wanted to ride the *Wabash Cannon Ball*'s line, you'd have to wait for over a decade and the occasional Norfolk Southern steam excursion. The "rumble and the roar" of "America's train" along the Wabash River valley "shore" had been silenced. ■

Dick Wallin

High-schooler Dennis Smolinski (far right) and Michigan Railroad Club trip chair Fred Dewey (in back, next to him) are on the rear platform at Decatur April 21, 1968, on the "Golden Triangle."

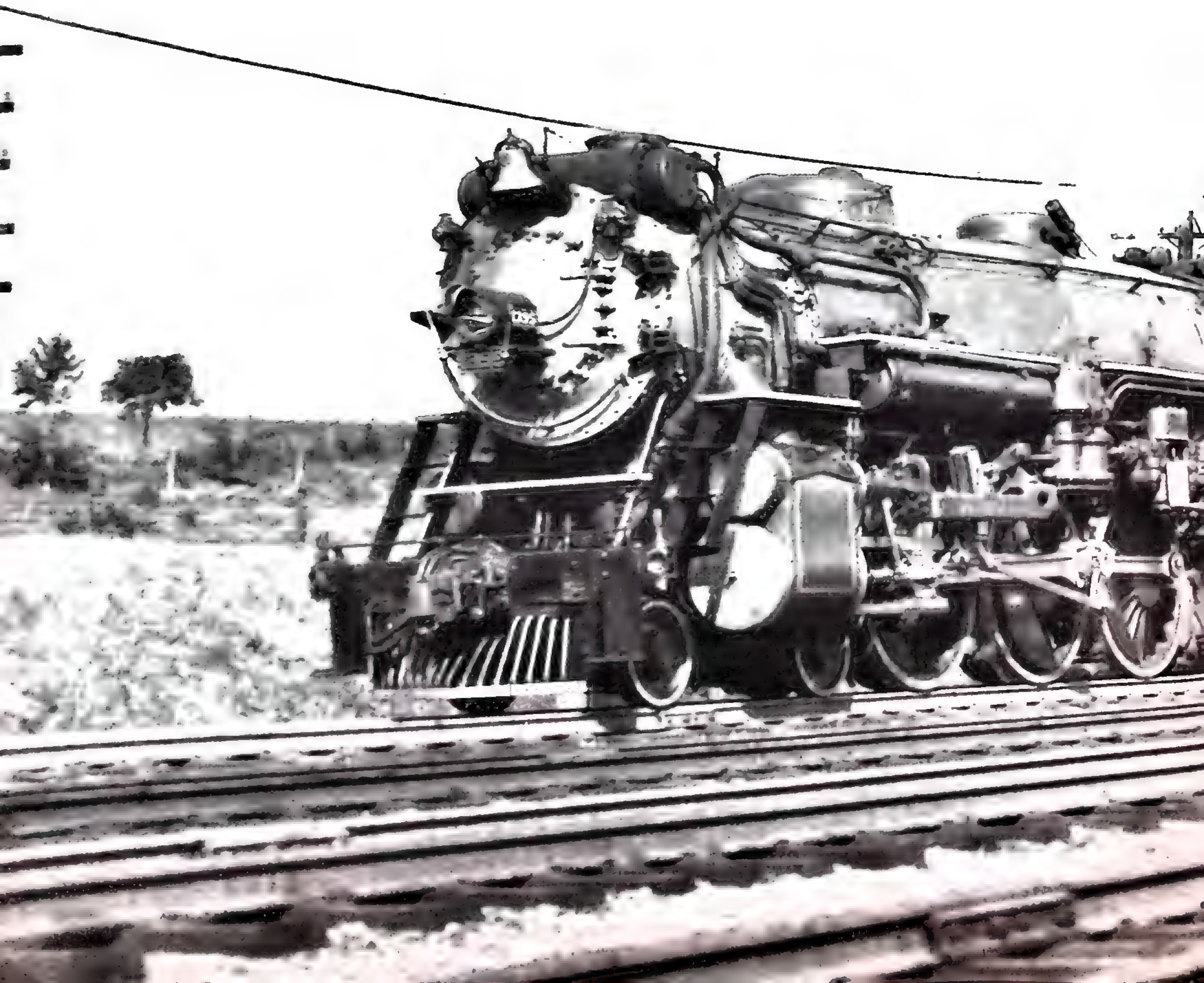
J. David Ingles

Two decades of the Detroit–St. Louis train being named *Wabash Cannon Ball* come to an end as the last westbound run swings onto the "High Line" on the St. Louis riverfront April 30, 1971.

Twilight encounter *at Danville*

Nearly 70 years hence, the memories etched by the Southern Railway's magnificent Ps-4 Pacifics remain vivid

By John C. Watkins Jr.
Photos by Walter H. Thrall Jr.



I am a member of the dwindling generation of American rail enthusiasts who, by accident of birth, have been fortunate to experience first-hand the "Golden Age" of U.S. passenger rail travel. I recently had the opportunity to read Peter T. Maiken's *Night Trains: The Pullman System in the Golden Years of American Rail Travel* (Johns Hopkins University Press, 1989), and devouring that magnificent book brought to mind an encounter I had in Danville, Va., now nearly 70 years ago, with a steam-powered limited arriving at a small-town station. I was a youngster of age 5½ at the time, but the memories are vivid and detailed (although, of course, I've filled in some technical details as an adult).

The time was late August 1940, and I was returning home to Alabama with my aunt after a summer vacation with relatives in southern Virginia. I grew up in a railroad family. My father was Chief Clerk to the Division Superintendent of the Louisville & Nashville's Montgomery, New Orleans & Pensacola Division at Mobile, Ala.; my uncle, who lived in the division-point town of Victoria, Va., was a locomotive engineer on the Virginian Railway; and a paternal cousin was vice president for Southern Pacific's Texas & New Orleans.

My aunt and I arrived in Danville, Southern Railway's last mainline stop southbound in Virginia, about 7:30 p.m. on branchline train No. 7, a three-car Richmond–Danville local pulled by a well-groomed, green-and-gold class Ps-2 light Pacific. We had boarded in Keysville, about 15 miles from Victoria. It was twilight when our short consist trundled across the long Dan River bridge north of the station and glided through the switches that led us into the Southern's stately old brick depot.

The Southern's main line here lay on a gentle, slightly elevated curve, with the depot situated just below track level. The passenger platforms and sheds followed the track curvature in a wide arc. By timetable, we had a brief, 12-minute layover to connect with train No. 35, the *Washington-Atlanta-New Orleans Express*, carded into Danville at 7:42 p.m. Train 35 carried a traditional heavyweight consist with an abundance of head-end cars, coaches, a diner, and a couple of Pullmans. The Danville station had four tracks, and, because of the station's location, passengers were required to descend into a passageway that led to the waiting room. If they were making connections with a train arriving on another track, they had to ascend a flight of stairs to the correct platform.

After leaving our day coach on train 7, we went downstairs to the cavernous waiting room and placed our luggage on a long wooden bench typical of those in station waiting rooms everywhere. But I had no desire to remain down there, and implored my aunt to ask the nearby Traveler's Aid attendant on which track No. 35 would arrive. The attendant replied, "Track 3, and it's on time."

I desperately wanted to go upstairs to the platform so I could soak in the atmosphere and witness firsthand our train's arrival. Intuitively, I knew this opportunity would come along infrequently. My aunt—after turning over our luggage to a Red Cap with instructions as to what Pullman number we were booked on and the section we would occupy—finally relented. Off we went, making our way up the long, dingy stairway to Track 3.

Dusk had descended on the scene.

Resplendent in green, gold, and chrome, Southern Ps-4 1395 departs Alexandria, Va., with train 35, the *Washington-Atlanta-New Orleans Express*, in June 1937. Three summers later, author Watkins had a magical encounter with this train at Danville, Va.

Baggage, mail, and ice carts were being pulled to and fro by men riding small, four-wheeled tractors, and a long line of carts filled with mail bags was positioned farther down the platform to the south, where the Railway Post Office car would stop. A cluster of railroad men were assembled near the far end of the platform, along with some waiting passengers.

To the north stretched the Southern's double-track high iron to Lynchburg, Monroe, Charlottesville, Culpeper, Manassas, Alexandria, and Washington. Through the gathering dusk, I could see a three-light block signal guarding the northbound main, glowing an incandescent green, somewhat like an altar lamp. Closer to me, several dwarf signals displayed amber aspects. To the south, far down the main line and around a wide curve, another three-light block signal flickered emerald green. The summer surface heat from the dying day reflected off the railheads, crossties, and roadbed, making all the signals shimmer in the hazy distance. Save for the clatter of the mail and express carts and a cacophony of crickets and locusts in the tall weeds adjacent to the northbound main track, all was still.

Then faintly, almost imperceptibly, I began to hear the melodious sound of a deep whistle in the distance. Moments later, roaring out of a dip about a mile north of the station appeared a steam locomotive, its yellow-white headlight bearing down upon us. Simultaneously, over the station public-address system boomed a sonorous drawl announcing, "Train thirty-five, the *Washington-Atlanta-New Orleans Express*, arriving on Track 3 for Greensboro, Charlotte, Spartanburg, Greenville, Atlanta, Montgomery, Mobile, and New Orleans. All aboard."

No. 35 was indeed "on the advertised," and heading for the track just a few feet from where I stood! I instinctively reached out for my aunt's hand while holding onto a platform-roof support post with my other hand. The headlight seemed at first to hover motionless in the distance. Then, as the train drew nearer, the roar of its oncoming presence became clearly discernible as air pressure depressed brakeshoes to retard the pace of the limited for its appointed stop.

In that moment, my senses were assaulted by what I saw, heard, felt, and smelled. Not one, but *two* of Southern's magnificent class Ps-4 heavy Pacifics, resplendent in Sylvan green with gold striping and lettering, thundered past us with the dozen or so cars of No. 35. At least one of the 4-6-2's had a bronze eagle perched above its visored headlight, an adornment characteristic of SR steam power. Valve gear transferred the pistons' lateral motion via highly polished main and side rods to 73-inch driving wheels. Streams of water splashed between the rails from hose connections and other sources.

The escaping steam vapors and the dual fireboxes bathed us in a surreal warmth for a transfixed moment as the concrete platform beneath our feet shook and rumbled. Two firemen—wearing bandanas around their necks, striped caps, and large black gauntlet-style gloves—peered out from their red-trimmed cab windows and, while leaning on their leather armrests, gave me a "thumbs-up" gesture. The pungent potpourri of coal smoke, hot axle grease, steam, and creosote blended into an olfactory sensation that defies description. Soon the locomotives were disappearing around the platform curve.

A bronze eagle and twin candlesticks—characteristic Southern embellishments—adorn the headlight of Ps-4 1380, laying over at Washington in June '37, before its 1941 streamlining for use on the new *Tennessean*.

These two gleaming iron horses would convey No. 35 as far as Salisbury, N.C., there to be replaced with two fresh Ps-4's for the final 300-mile romp into Atlanta. There the *Washington-Atlanta-New Orleans Express* would be turned over to the West Point Route, which would forward it to Montgomery, Ala.

Finally, No. 35 came to a halt. Our car, the Washington–New Orleans sleeper, was stopped beyond the north end of the platform, being the last car on the train (it would be switched into No. 37, the *Crescent*, at Montgomery to complete its trip to New Orleans). As we made our way to our Pullman, a porter, wearing his summer starched white jacket, descended from the forward vestibule, stepbox in hand, and announced, "New Orleans car." Up the steps we went, thence into the cool confines of the 12-section/1-drawing room car. We proceeded down the quiet, carpeted aisle, past a blue-and-white sign reading "Dining Car in Opposite Direction," thence into a long corridor of green curtained sections already made up for the night. We were escorted to our assigned section and deposited our belongings on the brown blanket on the lower berth. My aunt tipped the Red Cap, and we went to the restrooms to wash up for dinner in the diner.

Our train had not left Danville yet as we made our way two cars forward to be greeted by the dining-car steward, attired in a dark, gold-buttoned uniform, white shirt, and tie. Menus in hand, he directed us to a right-hand table adorned with a starched white tablecloth imprinted with the "SR" emblem, heavy railroad dining-car silver and china already in place. A waiter in a white uniform with a black bow tie and a long white apron approached and handed my aunt two order cards and instructed her how to write the order.

As she did so, the train began to move, and the station platform lights glided silently by and quickly disappeared. I do not remember what we ate that evening. I do remember, though, that the acceleration of No. 35 was robust and smooth, because the cubed ice in the water decanter barely tinkled as our train gathered speed, following U.S. 29 out of town.

What remains is a vivid mental vignette: an extraordinary imprint, in this somewhat pedestrian Amtrak age, of being transported in first-class accommodations behind two of the handsomest examples of one of the highest achievements of the mechanical engineers' art—the reciprocating steam locomotive. This was my brief, up-close encounter as a young child with two of the finest examples of that art—the incomparable Southern Railway Ps-4—on a station platform of the old mill town of Danville, Va. ■

More on our Web site

See rare footage from the archives of Herron Rail Video of Southern Railway Ps-4's in action, plus more still photos of the legendary Pacifics at www.ClassicTrainsMag.com

Smithsonian Institution: Hugh Talman

Southern Railway 1401—the last surviving Ps-4—is the centerpiece of the Smithsonian's "America On The Move" exhibit in Washington.

Our 'national locomotive'

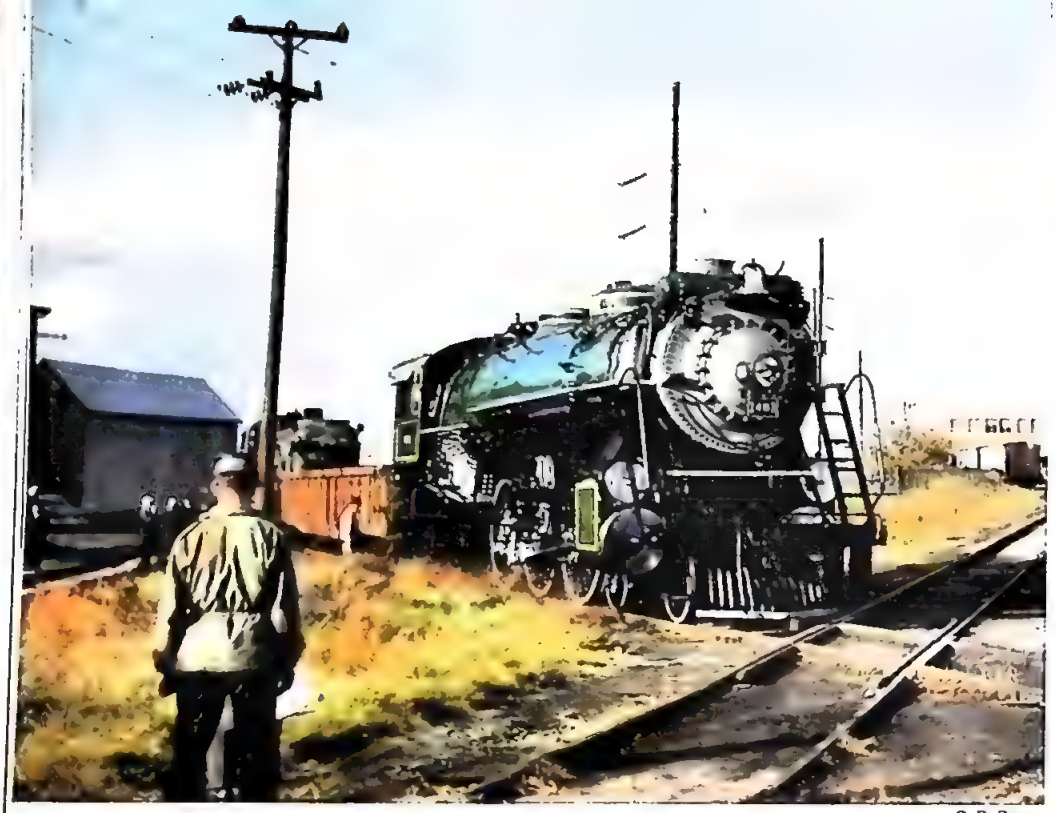
A Southern Ps-4 tells the story of steam railroading to millions of visitors at the Smithsonian's National Museum of American History

By Bill Withuhn

Southern Railway 1401 came to the Smithsonian Institution by a series of accidents. Letters by one individual and the dogged determination of another led to the decision. These two people were not staff members, and if they had not pushed the case, there almost certainly would be no 20th-century, mainline steam locomotive—of any kind—in the national collections.

The first suggestion that such a locomotive go to the Smithsonian for exhibit in Washington came in a letter dated September 3, 1952. It was from Walter H. Thrall Jr., then a resident of California, and addressed to SR President H. A. DeButts. Thrall, a Union Pacific locomotive engineer, had in mind not just any mainline steam locomotive, but a specific type and class: a Southern Ps-4.

As Thrall put it, "No doubt, you are aware that your famous Ps-4 class Pacific type locomotives . . . have long been considered the handsomest locomotives of their type in the entire U.S., particularly in their brilliant green and



C. B. Payne

Southern Railway

Smithsonian Institution

The gleaming 1401 (top) is moved from the paint shop in Alexandria to a siding in Washington in mid-November 1961. From there a 50-tire truck moved the Ps-4 through the streets to the museum site (above). Finally, riggers eased the locomotive into its specially constructed display hall (right).

gold trim with polished rods," and he stressed their major role in SR history. Thrall suggested to DeButts that the Southern "offer a Ps-4 to the Smithsonian . . . for permanent display."

A week later, Thrall wrote to the director of the United States National Museum (which was then the official name of the Smithsonian's Arts & Industries museum that housed historical, industrial, and transportation artifacts). This time, Thrall emphasized how steam was rapidly disappearing from American railroads and observed, ". . . I never felt [the railroad exhibits] did justice to the railroad industry in comparison to [what] is set aside for airplanes alone."

DeButts, meanwhile, thought enough of Thrall's idea to discuss it with his board of directors. Thus came the crucial turning point, for into the field stepped Robert V. Fleming.

Fleming was chairman and president of one of Washington's most prestigious banks, a member of SR's board, and (here's the accident of history) a member of the Smithsonian's Board of Regents, the governing body of the entire Institution. Fleming was an energetic and highly influential member of the Regents.

With Thrall's proposal in hand, Fleming went straight to the top, to the Smithsonian Secretary (the Institution's top executive officer), Alexander Wetmore. Wetmore discouraged the idea. In a formal letter, he observed that there was no Smithsonian building adequate for display of such a locomotive, and that outdoor display was out of the question because of the rapid deterioration that would ensue.

Secretary Wetmore's response did not deter Fleming. In his letter, Wetmore mentioned that the Smithsonian had begun initial planning of a new building for an "engineering museum," but noted that the building's future was entirely "one of uncertainty." Fleming took the vague possibility of a "new building" as his opening wedge and went back to DeButts.

Saving a Ps-4

In November 1952, Southern set aside engine 1401—built at Alco's Richmond Works in 1926, and whose last heavy repairs at the Spencer (N.C.) Shops had been completed on May 21, 1951. Although she concluded her working life on the Danville Division (Spencer/Salisbury, N.C., to Monroe, Va.), the locomotive had spent most of her career on the Charlotte Division (Greenville, S.C., to Spencer)—hence the name CHARLOTTE in small letters under the road number on 1401's cab sides. Her most notable assignment came in April 1945, when she headed President Franklin Roosevelt's funeral train between Greenville and Spencer. The 1401 wasn't the only Ps-4 set aside: Until late 1952, there were several of them, all freshly shopped and fully repainted, stored out-of-service at Spencer. (The last Ps-4 to run may have been No. 1374, in late April 1952.)

In December 1952, Southern mechanical officers earmarked the 1393 for the donation that might never happen. A few weeks later, their selection changed to the 1401, apparently because it was in somewhat better condition, and so in February 1953, a Southern train towed 1401 up to the Henry Street Yard in Alexandria, Va., near Washington, D.C., to await a decision by the Smithsonian.

By about 1955, prospects for the Smithsonian's "new building" took on renewed life. This would become the National Museum of History & Technology; the name changed in the early 1980s to the National Museum of American History. A new Secretary, Leonard Carmichael, had taken office in 1953 (another "historical accident"), and he led the effort to persuade Congress to establish the new museum. Robert Fleming, still a Smithsonian Regent and SR board member, continued to advocate for the Ps-4.

J. David Ingles collection

No. 1401 glistens behind glass at the National Museum of American History in a 1967 photo.

Designing a building for the 1401

In 1958, John H. White Jr.—who later became the Smithsonian's most accomplished transportation curator—was hired as a Museum Aide and given the duty to plan a Railroad Hall. The 1401 was now part of the new building's design, and architects allocated a special place on the building's first floor. This required a specially sunken floor for the Railroad Hall to accommodate the height of the locomotive. The hall would span most of the building's east end and be reached by sets of stairs descending about 8 feet from the level of the rest of the first floor.

White was a bit shocked to find 1401 on a Henry Street siding, standing out in the rain, its paint and striping of May 1951 faded and rust beginning to form. White got the locomotive rolled under cover on an unused track of a warehouse in Alexandria.

Ground-breaking for the new museum came in 1959. To support the 1401, the architectural design provided for a massive, pre-stressed concrete bridge, holding rails with their tops flush with the floor, and having huge concrete footings at each end of the bridge below the floor. (Thus the 1401 does not rest on terra firma, but on its hidden bridge, underneath which are several basement machinery rooms.)

Exterior restoration of No. 1401 began in September 1961. The Southern agreed to foot the entire bill for restoration and rigging the locomotive into the museum. Engine and tender were rolled to a siding adjacent to the Shelton Paint Shop on Henry Street; Shelton's was a truck repair and body shop. SR mechanical officers provided advice throughout. The tender was done first, finished in a new coat of SR "Sylvan Green," DuPont Dulux formula No. 88-5303, on October 30.

The tender came by rail and flatbed trailer to the museum site at 12th Street and Constitution Avenue. The flatbed backed down on a prepared slope to match with the end of a temporary track laid to carry the tender on the short downgrade into the unfinished end of the building. The tender entered at about a 30-degree angle (as would the engine), so SR crews had built and installed a small manual turntable just inside the building to pivot the equipment into proper alignment for placing onto the museum-floor rails. The tender was in place on November 13.

Shelton finished the engine on November 8 and the Southern towed it to a siding in southeast D.C. three days later, but it wasn't in the museum until December 6. Delays set in, as engineers representing several utility companies, the District, and the Capital Rigging Co. worked out a safe route to the museum site that wouldn't threaten to collapse the myriad underground utility tunnels running throughout the city. Combined weight of the engine and the 50-tire rig of tractor-truck and trailer was 177 tons. Finally, movement permits were approved. Two big SR wrecking cranes, each lifting one end of the engine, slowly swung it onto the trailer on November 25. It was then a two-mile, 10-hour trip—at night so as not to disrupt street traffic—arriving at the museum at 7:30 the next morning.

Winches brought 1401 off the trailer and down to the turntable. Riggers pivoted the engine, jacked it up, removed the turntable, and lowered the engine down onto the Railroad Hall's rails for the roll into place.

The Ps-4 was dedicated in June 1962, with SR President D. W. Brosnan and Bob Fleming in attendance. The new Museum of History & Technology opened to the public in 1964. No. 1401 —heaviest object the Smithsonian has ever owned—became the star of Railroad Hall and a Smithsonian icon.

New publics, new interpretation

Once upon a time, the American public knew perfectly well what steam locomotives did. And most people understood, at least to some degree, the role steam locomotives played in developing the nation. Today at the Smithsonian, there is no single "public," but a great variety of visitors of all ages and backgrounds. For the vast majority, the role of the railroad in our national saga of mobility and commerce is not appreciated. And most Americans have no concept of the context created by other forms of transportation.

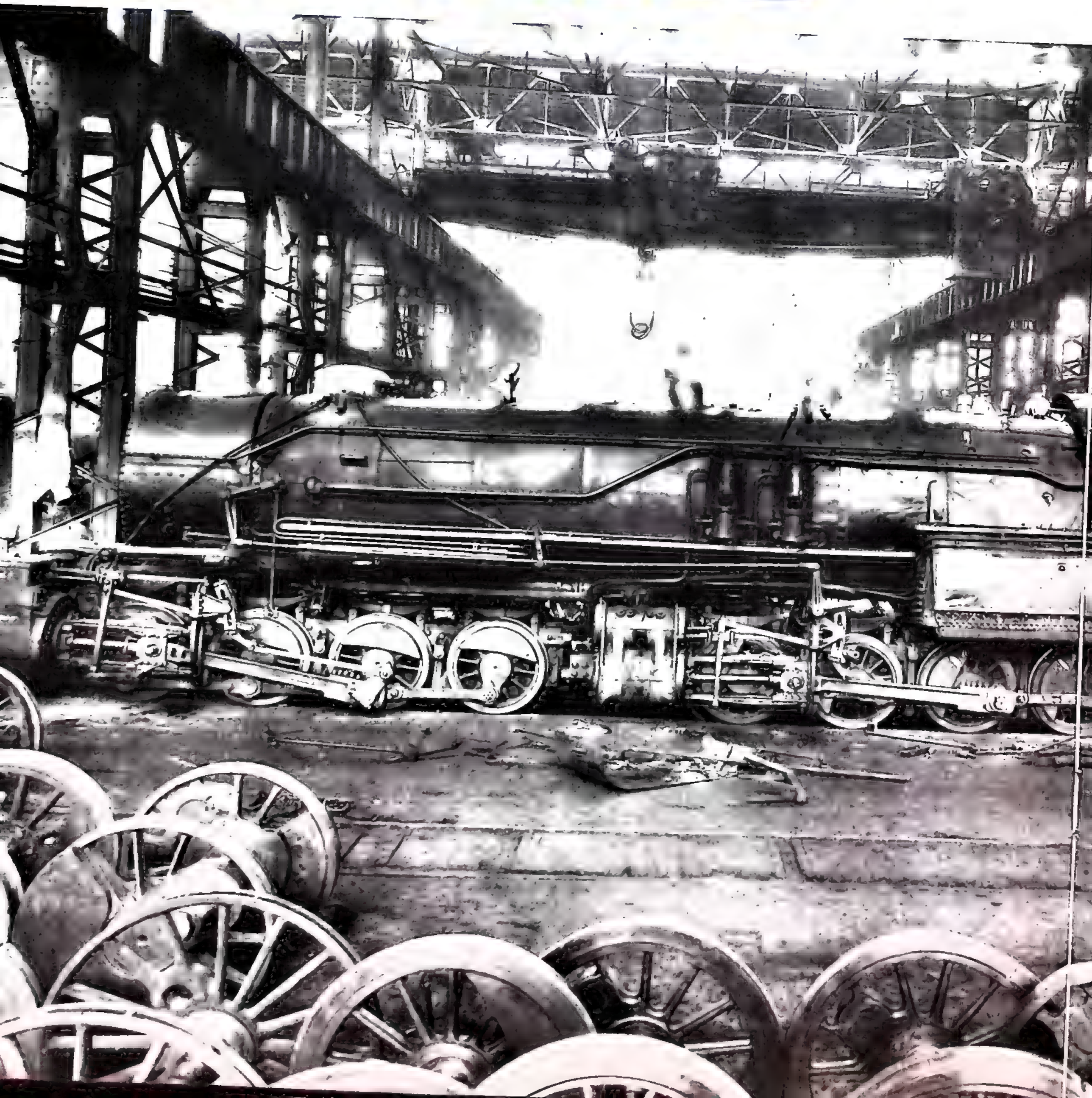
So, in 2003, the Museum of American History opened "America On The Move," a long-term exhibition in the largest gallery in the Museum. The 1401 is there—rolled back about 30 feet from its former spot—as the centerpiece of the biggest section of the exhibit. Illustrated and described around her are: travel and dining by rail; racial segregation on trains in the 1920s–'50s; the roles of conductors and sleeping-car porters; the dependence of cities on rail connections; mail-order express by rail; Southern Railway marketing; and the roles of "behind-the-scenes" railroaders—track workers, dispatchers, clerks, station agents, tower operators. Life in the cab is revealed by two dialogs between engineer and fireman, farm-to-railroad transportation is shown, and the work of thousands in the Spencer Shops is displayed around the front of the engine with steam-era tools and photos of the shops. The intent is to show non-railfan visitors (*i.e.*, nearly *all* visitors) the world railroads built.

Many railfans are understandably irked that 1401 is now surrounded by these interpretive exhibits and by accessibility ramps mandated by the Americans with Disabilities Act. As the Smithsonian's transportation curator, all I can say is this: Unless we help the non-railfan visitor understand the world that railroads made, 1401 may still—after all these years—go to scrap, because some future bureaucrat decides she's "irrelevant." ■

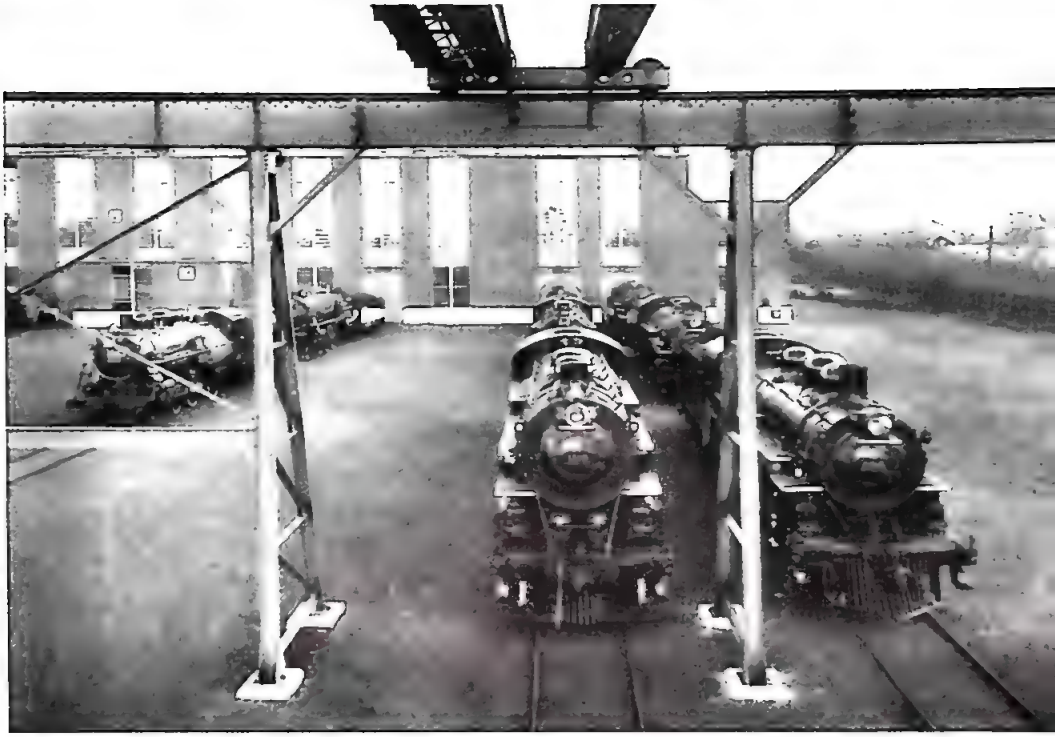
AMERICA ON THE MOVE

Southern 1401 is part of the Smithsonian's "America On The Move" exhibit; to learn more, go to: www.americanhistory.si.edu

The great shop at Colonie



Generations of distinctive D&H locomotives called Colonie home. In a 1924 view (below), 0-8-8-0 Mallet 1611 is in for an overhaul. Eight engines (below right), spiffed up for visiting NYC and LV officials, stand outside the shops in 1927. Perhaps the most celebrated of all Colonie-based power were the four PA diesels; a worker (right) touches up the paint on No. 19's pilot before a 1972 directors' special.



Two steam photos, Jim Shaughnessy collection

Delaware & Hudson's giant backshop was busy repairing steam and diesel locomotives for eight decades

By Jim Shaughnessy • Photos by the author

The Delaware & Hudson Canal Co. was organized in 1823 to market anthracite coal discovered on land in northeastern Pennsylvania owned by Philadelphia brothers Maurice and William Wurtz. Their hometown was already supplied with this fuel from the Lehigh coalfields through the Schuylkill Canal, so their target market was New York City and Hudson Valley destinations. The only practical means of transporting a heavy, bulky commodity in those days was by canal. The Erie Canal was just being completed, and much of the expertise gained during that endeavor could be brought to the Wurtzes' proposed project by some of the same engineers who designed and built "Clinton's Ditch." The D&H canal connected the Delaware Valley with the Hudson Valley—thus the name of the company and its canal—between Honesdale, Pa., and Kingston, N.Y., with 108 locks in 108 miles. It was the first privately funded project in the United States to exceed a cost of $1 million.

As soon as the railroad technology and infrastructure was developed, the D&H Canal Co. began expanding to

With Schenectady only a few miles from Colonie, Alco diesels dominated D&H's roster. In early 1974, a shop worker attends to a 16-cylinder 244 engine from a PA; in the background is a road-switcher's 12-251.

Another 1974 shot from Colonie shows General Electric U30C No. 710 over the drop pit with its rear truck removed for repairs.

new destinations over iron, then steel, rails. By the turn of the century the Delaware & Hudson Canal Co.'s railroad had far outperformed its ancestor canal and the waterway was closed. By then the company had greatly expanded its sales by leasing the Albany & Susquehanna and Rensselaer & Saratoga railroads, as well as shipping coal over other lines such as the Erie Railroad. The acquisition of the R&S in 1871 and completion a line along the west side of Lake Champlain in 1875 brought the coal company its ultimate customer—Canada, with its long, cold winters.

From three shops to one

To function, a railroad needs locomotives and cars as well as tracks, and such equipment needs to be maintained. The A&S—which was originally built with a track gauge of 6 feet to match the Erie's but converted to standard gauge after the D&H leased it in 1870—had substantial shops at Oneonta, N.Y., and the R&S had a similar complex at Green Island, N.Y., north of Albany. These two facilities, along with the original D&H shop in Carbondale, Pa., became the maintenance and building centers for the ever-expanding railroad operations.

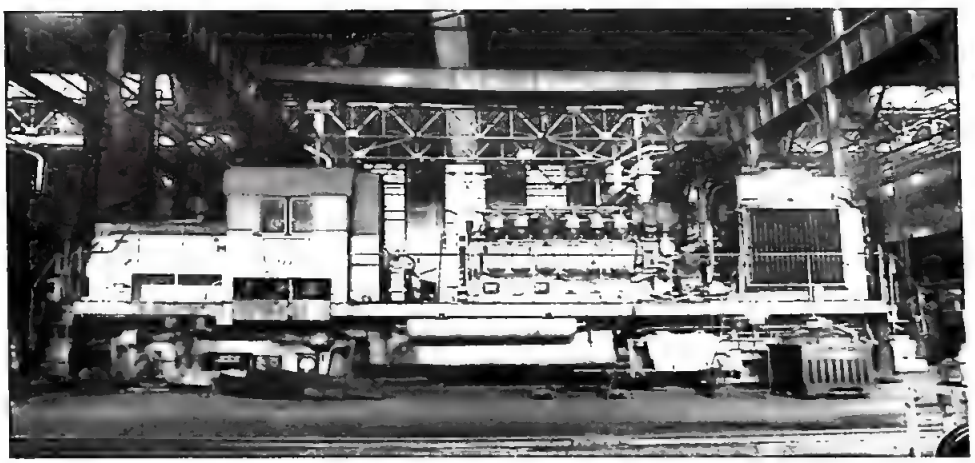
In 1907 Leonor F. Loree, a rising star in the railroad industry and previously president of the Baltimore & Ohio, Rock Island, and general manager of the Pennsylvania, was recruited to become president of the Delaware & Hudson Railroad, which had dropped the "Canal Co.," from its corporate title in 1900. Under Loree, the already successful D&H became even more prosperous and influential in the industry. He acquired more and larger locomotives and cars, and made many improvements to structures and roadbed.

It soon became apparent that the D&H's three existing shops were becoming obsolete in capacity, location, and size. In 1911 the road purchased a 1,100-acre parcel in the Town of Colonie, adjacent to the City of Watervliet, several miles north of Albany, N.Y. Here a new $2.5 million, state-of-the-art shop and terminal was built and opened in 1912. This centrally located complex boasted 10 acres of floor space and featured many new concepts in shop design and economy. A bay was provided to transfer complete locomotives with a huge overhead crane between overhaul positions on the floor of the building itself, eliminating the cumbersome and space-wasting transfer table. D&H also built a large roundhouse, servicing area, freight yard, coal storage area, and car shops at Colonie. All these new facilities constituted one of the most advanced and complete establishments of its kind in the country.

The D&H built new or significantly upgraded hundreds of locomotives in this shop, as well as developing many innovative and advanced concepts in steam locomotive technology. The booster engine (or auxiliary locomotive, as D&H called it), roller bearings on driver axles and side rods, all-welded boilers, poppet valves, and many others innovations were conceived at Colonie.

Loree had a passion for steam and was constantly striving for greater efficiency from its use. This quest ultimately lead to the building—in the Colonie shop—of four high-pressure compound locomotives, the last, 1403, being named for him. This locomotive, although only a 4-8-0, had four cylinders, poppet valves, carried 500 PSI steam pressure in its watertube boiler, and could exert a phenomenal 74,000 pounds of tractive effort. It could deliver an amazing 13 percent thermal efficiency from its fuel, compared to 5 to 7 percent for conventional locomotives. Efficient as these ahead-of-their-time machines were, their complexity and high maintenance made them generally unsuitable for everyday railroad service. Nevertheless, the high level of technical expertise possessed by the skilled craftsmen of the Colonie shop enabled Loree and the D&H to achieve a world-class reputation for steam locomotive innovation and improvements. Even as the pressures of the Great Depression of the 1930s were being felt, Loree kept work going at Colonie far into the period rather than lay off this motivated team.

Alco C425's 462 and 461 (the latter with an enthusiastic "ALCO!" painted above its coupler) get a going-over at Colonie Shops on June 1, 1980. The units, owned by Genesee & Wyoming and leased to D&H, have just arrived from rebuilding by Morrison-Knudsen at Boise, Idaho.



In December 1979, D&H Alco RS11 5010 gets a rebuilt 12-cylinder 251 prime mover. D&H diesels were solid black with yellow trim until the RS11's introduced blue and gray in 1961.

Diesels bring change

The role of the Colonie shop drastically changed in the early 1950s as Alco

Alco's monopoly on D&H diesels ended when six GE U30C's arrived in April 1967, but eight months later the road reaffirmed its faith in Schenectady power by purchasing four PA1's from the Santa Fe. D&H 17 and 18 (above, ex-ATSF 60 and 62) stand between runs in Colonie's servicing bay on February 15, 1968. Workers apply D&H lettering (left) to the future No. 18, still wearing its Indian chief herald, as ATSF 59 (D&H 16) looks on.

diesels replaced steam on the D&H. The new power required new facilities, including platforms to access the diesel engines, a ventilated paint booth, a high-pressure wash enclosure, electrical-component servicing equipment, fueling stands, a drop pit for changing trucks, and a wheel-milling machine that shaped the wheels while still under the locomotive. Many other changes were necessary to adapt the old shop to its new task. A labor force of about 130, with about 75 working the main shift when the scheduled work was in prog-

Sharknose 1216, one of two acquired from the Monongahela Railway, is prepped for repainting into D&H's Warbonnet livery in Colonie's paint booth on September 10, 1974.

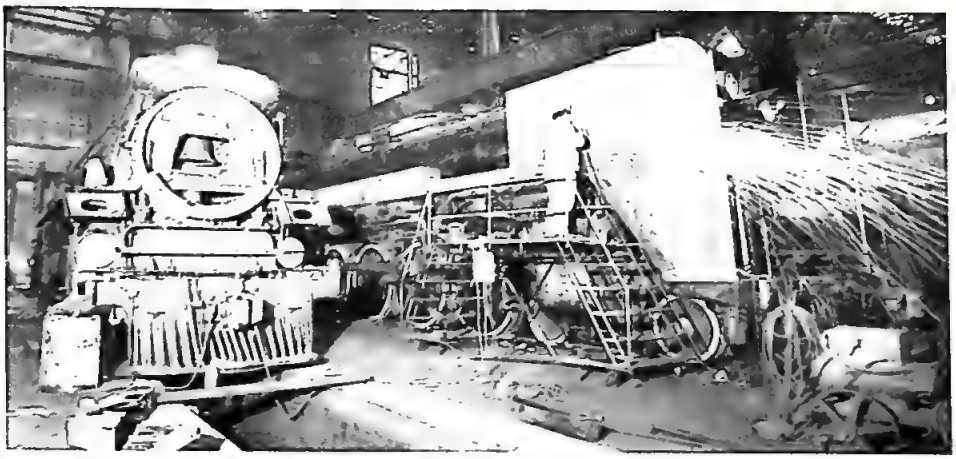
ress, was the norm during the 1960s and into the last years of D&H operation. This, of course, was only a shadow of the number employed during the grand days of L. F. Loree and his steam locomotive development and modernization programs.

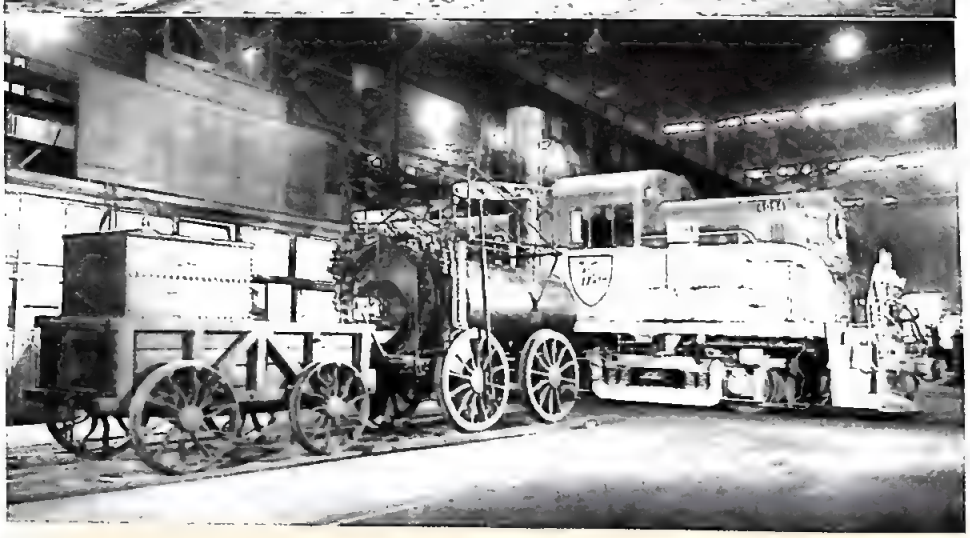
In December 1967 Colonie became home to diesel royalty when the D&H, under the leadership of President F. C. "Buck" Dumaine, acquired four ex-Santa Fe Alco PA passenger locomotives. Colonie men, familiar with the ways of Alco diesels, gave D&H's first cab units a once-over and painted them in a blue-and-yellow version of the Santa Fe Warbonnet livery they'd arrived in.

Challenging times—and a birthday

By the 1970s Colonie was beginning to show its age, with leaks in the roof, a failing heating system, and a general layout not conducive to modern run-through diesel maintenance. Also, it was not strategically located on the D&H system. Locomotives needing inspections or repairs could not be conveniently dropped off from passing trains; instead, a special deadhead move was often required to deliver a unit to the shop. Management considered constructing a new shop near Ballston Lake, N.Y., between Schenectady and Saratoga Springs, adjacent to the main routes from Montreal and the Boston & Maine connection and the line extending toward the south end of the system. This plan never materialized, as the threat of Conrail's creation and other

Sesquicentennial steam





To mark its 150th anniversary, the D&H planned a two-day steam excursion train. All modern D&H steam had been scrapped, so Colonie Shops was given the task of cosmetically altering two engines to give them the distinctive D&H "look." At the top, Steamtown 4-6-2 No. 127 (ex-CPR 1278) stands by as workers apply smoke-lifters to Reading 4-8-4 No. 2102. The middle view shows the pair on the north side of the shop in their identities of D&H 653 and 302. Also involved in the party was a Colonie-built replica of the ancient *Stourbridge Lion*, pictured above in the shop with RS3 No. 4094.

A haze of diesel exhaust hangs above Alco locomotives and a heavyweight coach in a February 1969 view of the servicing bay at the great Colonie shop. The locomotives are, from left, C628 No. 601 (heading a line of sister Century diesels), PA1 No. 18, and RS3 No. 4009.

In April 1975, U23B 1776 (ex-2312) displays the red-white-blue livery D&H gave it for the *American Freedom Train*'s *Preamble Express.*

economic pressures extinguished the spark of enthusiasm for the project.

Early in 1973 there was a spasm of activity in the old shop reminiscent of days past. Two steam locomotives—ex-Reading 4-8-4 2102 from the High Iron Co. and ex-Canadian Pacific 4-6-2 1278 from Steamtown—were cosmetically changed to represent two of the classic types of D&H steam. D&H President Carl B. "Bruce" Sterzing wanted the company's sesquicentennial to be properly noted and well-remembered—and it was! The 4-8-4 assumed the identity of "D&H 302" while the 4-6-2 became "D&H 653." Equipped with smoke lifters and other characteristics of D&H power, the engines led a 22-car, two-day excursion from Albany to Montreal and return. Even the replica (built at Colonie in 1932) of the 1828 *Stourbridge Lion* was pulled from its display perch in Honesdale, Pa., repainted, and placed on a flatcar in a display train that toured the system behind two of the PA's.

More notable diesels came to Colonie in 1974 in the form of two ex-New York Central Baldwin Sharknoses, the last of their breed. Like the PA's, Nos. 1205 and 1216 were popular excursion power, but their novelty value couldn't offset their shortcomings in freight service, and they were gone by 1978.

More significantly, Colonie's workload increased in 1976 when, as part of the restructuring of northeastern railroads that resulted in Conrail, the D&H was granted trackage rights that more than doubled the size of its system. Additional locomotives were required, and EMD GP38-2's and GP39-2's began appearing in the great shop. Taxed by the expansion and other factors, the D&H was soon on the ropes and for sale.

The great shop's final years

When Guilford Transportation Industries purchased the D&H in January 1984, activity at Colonie continued, perhaps even to a somewhat greater extent, with B&M and Maine Central units showing up in the smoky building. But this was short-lived, as work was gradually moved to other shops in Massachusetts and Maine and major pieces of equipment were transplanted to other Guilford locations. A series of complicated management moves, including a nasty labor confrontation resulting in a two-month strike, beset the D&H along with significant traffic losses, finally resulting in the declaration of bankruptcy on June 20, 1988. Prior to this, many assets that could be moved off the property of the D&H in New York State, including a large number of locomotives, were assigned to other Guilford holdings in New England.

The bankruptcy crisis prompted the Interstate Commerce Commission to issue an emergency "directed-service order" that provided for a third party to operate the D&H under subsidy until a buyer could be found. Delaware Otsego Corp., with the financial backing of CSX, was able to satisfy the requirements and became the designated operator. Delaware Otsego's operating subsidiary, the New York, Susquehanna & Western Railway, was able to scrape together the remaining D&H locomotives, order others through CSX, and keep the railroad operating for the next two years. The Colonie shop staff—what

was left of it and with what little resources remained—pitched in and kept equipment running.

A number of potential buyers considered acquiring all or parts of the railroad, though it was hoped the entire system would remain intact. In August 1990 the Canadian Pacific began participating in the operation and then bought the entire line on January 18, 1991. The D&H as an intact railroad was saved—but not the great shop at Colonie. CP had ample overhaul facilities of its own in Canada and would use small shops at Saratoga Springs and Binghamton, N.Y., to do minor repairs and periodic inspections. The remaining Colonie shop employees were transferred to these facilities, retired, or went elsewhere. The great shop was closed, still owned by Guilford.

The deteriorating complex proved almost impossible for Guilford to sell, thanks to years of ground-polluting oil spills and the poor condition of the buildings that had practically no adaptive reuse potential. Several small fires occurred in the main shop, and a huge blaze in one of the other buildings—initiated by the local fire department as a drill exercise that got out of control—raised air and asbestos pollution concerns among nearby residents. Finally, on March 21, 2004, a massive fire, which Guilford attributed to juveniles, seriously damaged the north end and roof of the big shop building. The structure was declared dangerous, clearing the way around the red tape that had been preventing its demolition. In a matter of weeks, machines with lobster-like claws reduced the tons of structural steel in the great building to a huge pile of scrap, which was trucked away.

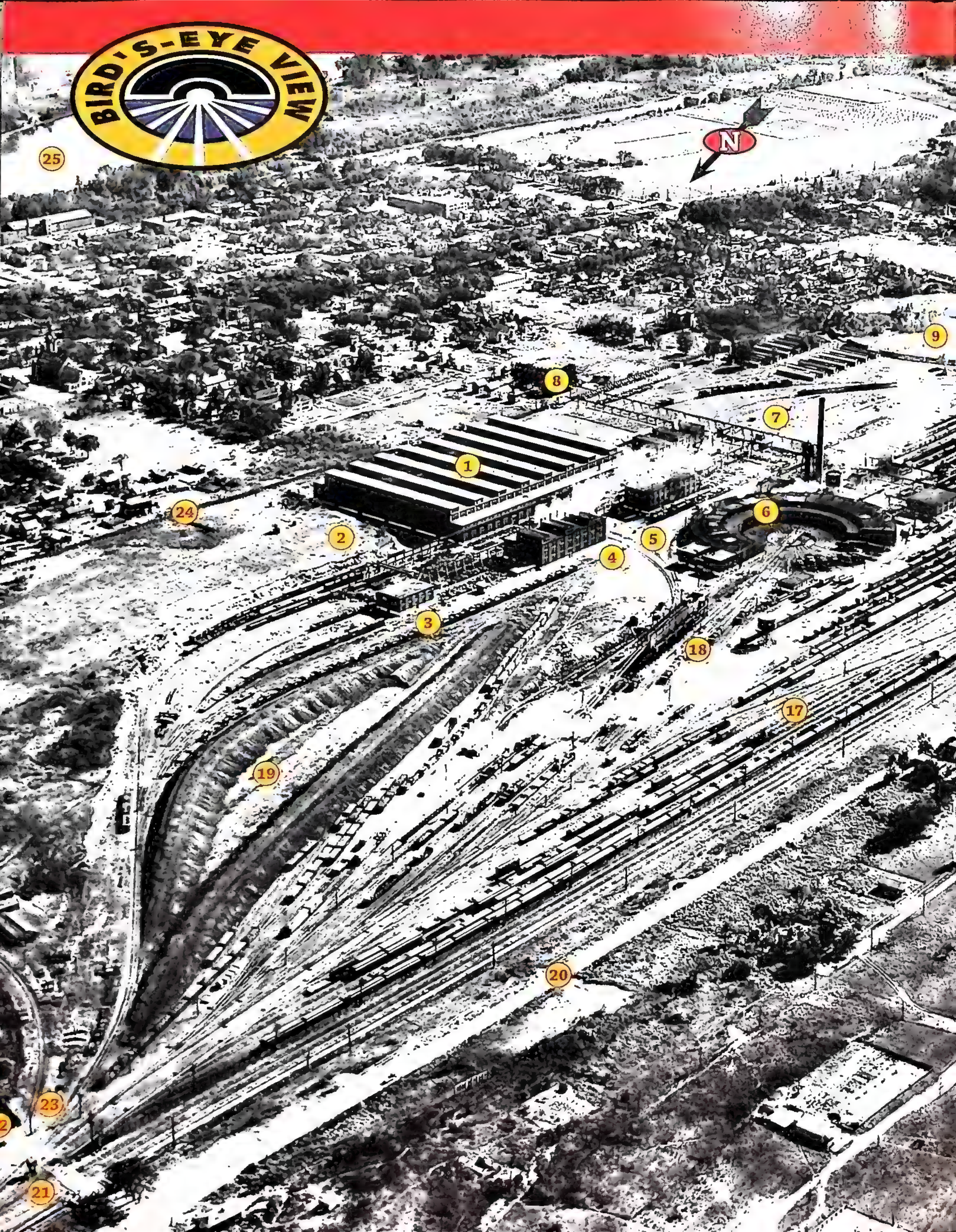
Then all was quiet—92 years of history had ended. ■

During the troubled years of Guilford Transportation ownership, Alco C424m No. 74 (an ex-D&H unit) is on the drop pit, while EMD SD26 No. 634 (a rebuilt ex-Santa Fe SD24) stands alongside. Both are lettered for Springfield Terminal, Guilford's operating entity at the time.

More on our Web site
Read Jim Shaughnessy's "Fallen Flags Remembered" essay on the Delaware & Hudson at our Web site, www.ClassicTrainsMag.com

All four D&H PA1's stand outside the great shop in May 1971, put out of regular work by Amtrak. The August '74 launch of the *Adirondack*, an Amtrak-D&H-state effort, put them back into daily Albany–Montreal service and prompted their rebuilding with 251 engines.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW



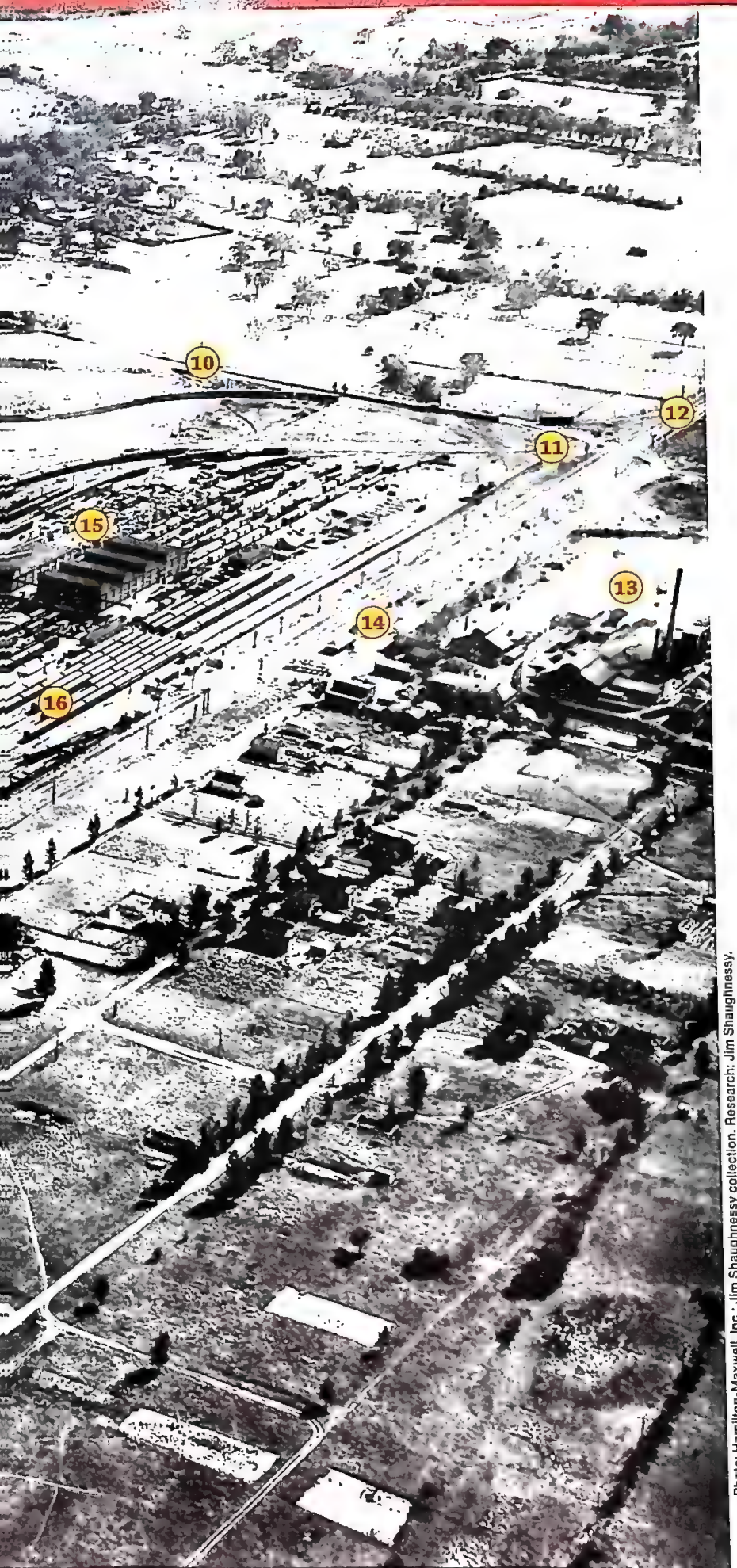


Photo: Hamilton-Maxwell, Inc.; Jim Shaughnessy collection. Research: Jim Shaughnessy.

Colonie's great shop, and more

There was more to Delaware & Hudson's facilities at Colonie, N.Y., than the great locomotive backshop building profiled by Jim Shaughnessy on the preceding eight pages. This photo, taken around 1920 when the shops were less than a decade old, shows the structure in the context of its support buildings and other facilities. Today, D&H successor Canadian Pacific Railway uses a handful of yard tracks, but the site is otherwise vacant and overgrown.

1 Main shop building
2 Future diesel fueling area
3 Pattern storage building
4 Foundry (MofW equipment maintenance in diesel era)
5 Store house and offices
6 Roundhouse and power house
7 Outdoor overhead crane
8 East gate (main entrance)
9 Loop track
10 1st Street
11 South gate
12 To Albany
13 Allegheny-Ludlum Steel Co. plant
14 Colonie passenger station
15 Freight car shop
16 Coach yard
17 Freight yard
18 Coaling trestle
19 Coal storage
20 Lincoln Avenue
21 To Mechanicville
22 Watervliet-Shaker Road
23 North gate
24 Boundary line between City of Watervliet (to the east) and Town of Colonie (west)
25 Hudson River

Great Photographers

DONALD DUKE

Spinning gold in the West

Through photography and book publishing, this Californian has created an indispensable record of western railroading

By Michael Patris • Photos by Donald Duke

For Donald Duke, research, writing, photography, and book publishing belong together, along with his interest in the history of the American West, which has produced a lifetime of rewarding stimulation. Duke's deep interest in railroads can be attributed to his father, Roger Duke, who was a railroad enthusiast at a time when there were no railfan organizations.

Roger Duke grew up on a cattle ranch in Hotchkiss, Colo., and attended Denver University, where he roomed with Wilson McCarthy, who eventually became the receiver for the Denver & Rio Grande Western Railroad. The senior Duke became a Certified Public Accountant, having graduated at the start of World War I, during which he served as a Navy radio operator. After the war, he took a job as an accountant for the Barnason Oil Co. of Los Angeles, whose president, A. E. Brown, had a knack for finding oil. Industry giant Standard Oil Co. purchased Barnason, renaming it General Petroleum Corp. When A. E. Brown became president of Standard Oil of New York, he brought Roger Duke to New York as his assistant to help with a merger with the Vacuum Oil Co. Once the new Socony-Vacuum Oil Co. was created, Roger Duke returned to Los Angeles, where he became vice president/comptroller/treasurer of General Petroleum. However, trips to New York for meetings were still required, and Roger Duke later told his son that the boy's conception had occurred in a Pullman car on the Santa Fe, en route to New York.

Donald Duke was born in 1929 at Good Samaritan Hospital in Los Angeles; the family lived in Beverly Hills. His father and several other General Petroleum executives regularly took the Beverly Hills Pacific Electric car to work up until 1936, when the route on Sunset Boulevard was abandoned. The group then formed a carpool, but found themselves driving into the glaring sun in the morning and also in the afternoon. They all decided to build homes east of Los Angeles in

Donald Duke poses with SP slim-gauge 4-6-0 No. 18 at Laws, Calif., in the 1950s.

At left, UP 2-8-8-0 3559 helps 4-6-6-4 3801 lift a 68-car freight up the east slope of Cajon Pass between Lugo and Summit, Calif., on December 7, 1946.

The vast Pacific Electric interurban system helped spark Duke's rail interest. With oil derricks on the horizon, PE car 943 is on the West Basin Line en route to San Pedro in the 1950s. In the foreground is a Union Pacific bus on a run between UP's East Los Angeles station and San Pedro.

Gang" comedies. Young Donald appeared in many productions, but his mother did not want him to have speaking parts, as she believed fame often led young stars to turn to drugs. He also was a tap dancer with the Meglin Kiddies studio of child actors, until they dismissed him for giving the group the measles. He was also in several films with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, including *Top Hat*, as a background dancer and actor.

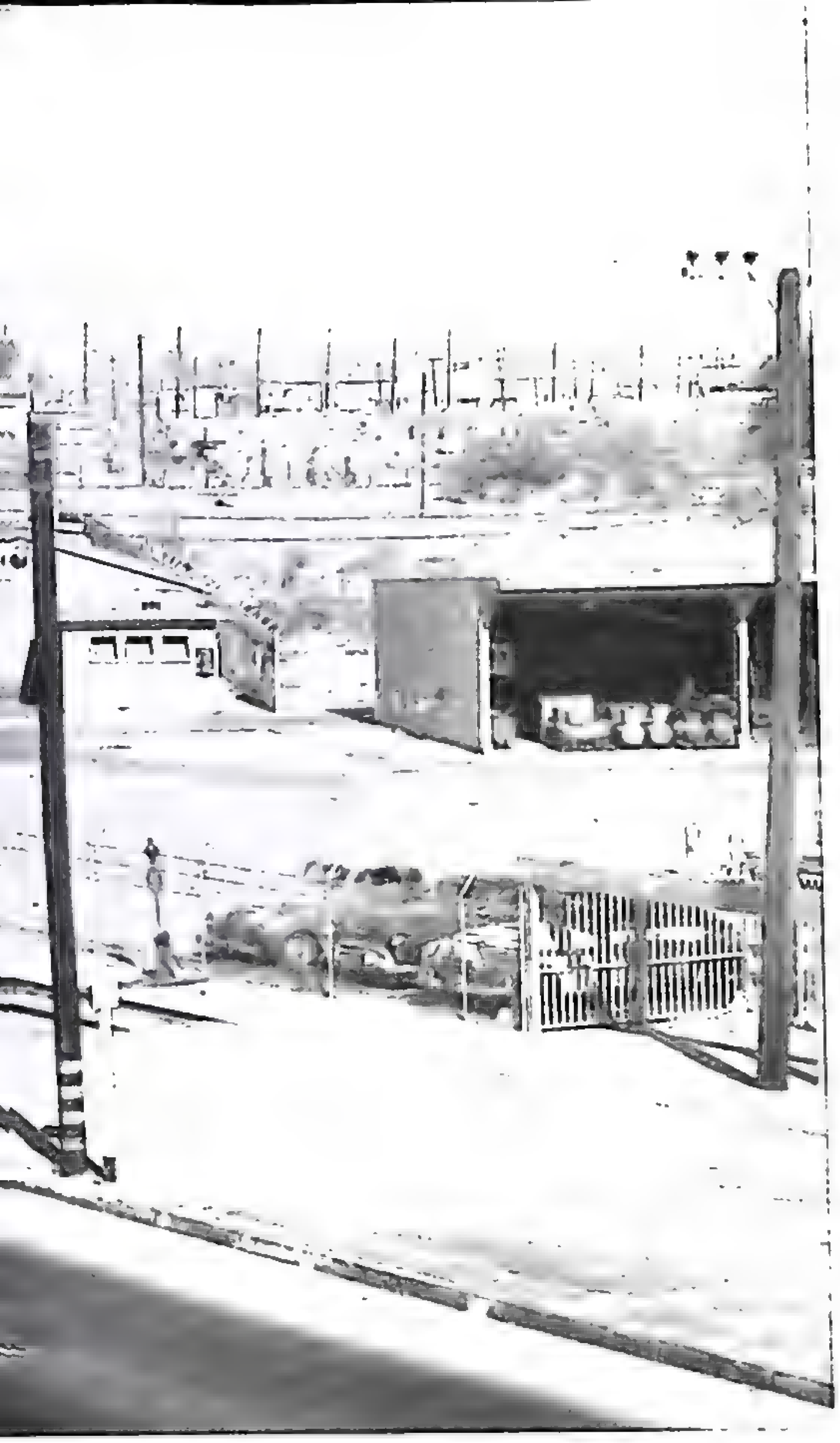
Duke's father designed and built the family's San Marino home, and rented a house in Alhambra to be close to the property while it was under construction. The Alhambra house was next to the PE's San Bernardino line. The neighborhood kids often visited a nearby substation, whose operator helped develop Duke's interest in railways.

Gen. George S. Patton grew up in San Marino, not far from the Duke house. Patton's sister, Anne, never married and remained in the family home. She and Duke's mother played bridge frequently. On one occasion, Duke tagged along when his father went to pick up his mother at the Patton house. The ladies had not finished their game, so Anne told the youngster he could go down in the basement to see some of the general's toys. Patton had constructed huge tables with models of various military conflicts; he used the toy soldiers and miniature mountains to analyze and formulate strategies for various battle circumstances. While Donald was investigating the basement tabletops, the first-floor door suddenly opened and a man came down the stairs. It was Gen. Patton himself, on leave from World War II. He showed Duke how the models had helped with the various battle situations he had faced in real life.

Becoming a Railroad Booster

The PE ran a train each weekday for South Pasadena-San Marino High School students. The motorman of the school train, Harold Stewart, told Duke about the Railroad Boosters club, and took him to monthly meetings in the conductor's training room of the Pacific Electric Building in downtown Los Angeles [see "Harold Stewart and the Pacific Electric," Spring 2008 CLASSIC TRAINS]. Working the simulator controls was great fun for the developing young railroad enthusiast. The brothers Ralph and Wayne Melching, organizers of the Railroad Boosters, had previously formed the Chicago Railroad Boosters before relocating to California. The Boosters took a steam-road trip each month as well as a monthly ride on PE interurbans and Los Angeles Railway streetcars. Duke's father often accompanied him on these jaunts.

One block from the Duke family home, Linn Westcott, still living in L.A. at the start of his 40-



Los Angeles' landmark city hall tower rises above PCC trolley 3128 on March 31, 1963—last day of streetcar operation in L.A. The system was unusual in having a 3-foot 6-inch track gauge.

year editorial career with Kalmbach Publishing Co. of Milwaukee, had an electric railroad. It was Westcott who got Duke interested in model railroading, and Donald eventually had his own model layout in an empty room at home.

Duke's father's interest in railroads persisted, and he would stop to watch a train go by whenever he saw a wig-wag swinging. He took his son to the christening of Southern Pacific's original streamlined *Daylight* on March 21, 1937. General Petroleum provided the fuel and lubricating oil for the train. The two Dukes rode from Los Angeles to Santa Barbara and back on that inaugural day.

All grade schools subscribed to the national *Weekly Reader* from the Scholastic Publishing Co.; the firm once offered a photo contest, with a family airplane trip to New York as the grand prize. On one of Roger Duke's trips to New York for Socony Oil, young Donald had taken a lot of pictures with his grandfather's Graflex camera, including a shot of the Statue of Liberty with the Staten Island Ferry crossing in the background. Roger encouraged Donald to submit that one to the contest, and it won. The family flew to New York aboard an American Airlines sleeper plane, which actually proved too noisy for sleep. They then spent two weeks at the 1939–40 New York World's Fair. Donald's first railroad photograph (other than from his Railroad Boosters trips) was on a motor trip to Hotchkiss, Colo., of a Rio Grande Southern train. For one birthday, his grandmother purchased a Sears photo-developing kit so he could develop negatives and make his own prints.

While attending Huntington Junior High School, Duke learned that Henry E. Huntington had three private rail cars. Able to find very little information on them, he visited the Huntington Library to see what they had in their files. Cary Bliss, the librarian, helped him find the information and issued him a library card at age 13, making him the youngest person to receive such a card. In such a scholarly library, credentials were carefully scrutinized, and one generally needed to be a college graduate to even get close to their valuable and unique holdings.

As a young man, Duke spotted *Railroad* magazine at the local pharmacy, and received a gift subscription from his grandmother. In the back of the magazine there was a column called "Switch List" where people would exchange photos, mainly locomotive "roster shots," but Donald preferred action shots out on the line. Thanks to his developing kit, he was able to exchange photos with people all across the country. Also through "Switch List," he met Frank Peterson, a still cameraman at Warner Brothers Studios, who taught him how to frame photographs with natural background elements like trees and cacti. Peterson also took him out to Cajon Pass, Beaumont Hill, and San Timoteo Canyon to pursue his action photography. Through Frank he met Gerald M. Best, who had taken railroad pictures all during World War II. Jerry Best was the sound director at Warner Brothers and rode a Cushman scooter that ran on cleaning solvent, since gasoline was too costly during the war. Best would frequently ride the Cushman over to the SP's Taylor Yard with Duke on the back, and both of them were given full access to the yard.

Best had previously met A. D. MacDonald, pres-

Donald Duke

Duke's years at Colorado College enabled him to explore the Centennial State's rail treasures. In October 1949 he caught two Burlington E5's racing south with the *Texas Zephyr* on the Joint Line at Fountain, Colo.

Denver & Salt Lake Ten-Wheeler 302 departs Denver with the baggage-RPO and dinette-coach of train 9, the daily run to Craig. It's June 19, 1947—two months after the D&SL was absorbed by the D&RGW.

Crewmen compare paperwork aboard D&RGW train 16, the Durango–Alamosa *San Juan*, during its final run on February 1, 1951. This was the last scheduled passenger train on the narrow-gauge, although mixed-train service between Durango and Silverton continued.

ident of the Southern Pacific, while he was the editor of *Radio* magazine in San Francisco. Later, Jerry built a super-heterodyne ham radio for MacDonald and was from then on considered welcome on all SP properties.

Throughout World War II, Duke was able to obtain good jobs at General Petroleum facilities. At age 13, he spent the summer working in the tire warehouse, receiving the same salary as an adult. The following summer he worked at the battery warehouse, then the general warehouse, and finally at a facility that loaded tank cars. By the end of this sequence, he had earned more than enough money to attend college.

Colorado capers

At the end of the war, it was often difficult to get into college because of the large numbers of returning veterans. Duke was interested in Colorado College in Colorado Springs because of his family's roots in the state as well as its proximity to narrow-gauge lines and other interesting railroads. His father's old college roommate, Wilson McCarthy, was by then the Rio Grande's trustee, and also held a position on the college's board. This ensured Donald's acceptance there. McCarthy also issued Donald a pass so he could ride freight trains, engines, or cabooses, on all the railroad's lines. Duke's college friend Ernie Peyton often joined him in taking advantage of the pass. At that time, the D&RGW-Rio Grande Southern narrow-gauge "loop" was still intact. On Thanksgiving holidays, Ernie invited Duke to his family home in Fort Collins, where they photographed the city's Birney streetcars and made junkets to Sherman Hill to shoot the Union Pacific.

Colorado College was nestled between the two main tracks of the Joint Line shared by the Santa Fe, Rio Grande, and Colorado & Southern railroads. Also nearby was the Midland Terminal, which ran a train to Cripple Creek each evening with five locomotives. En route to Alamosa, Colo., to ride and photograph the D&RGW narrow-gauge, Don and Ernie ran into Bob Richardson, the operator of the Narrow Gauge Motel. Richardson took the two young friends to many out-of-the-way photographic spots. Well-known for his prankster personality, the motel man used a loudspeaker to transmit train sounds into the room one night, prompting Duke and Peyton to run out into the darkness to see the passing of a train that didn't exist. While the confused young enthusiasts were standing out in the cold in their underpants, Richardson locked their door. Once he'd had his fun, he let them back into the room.

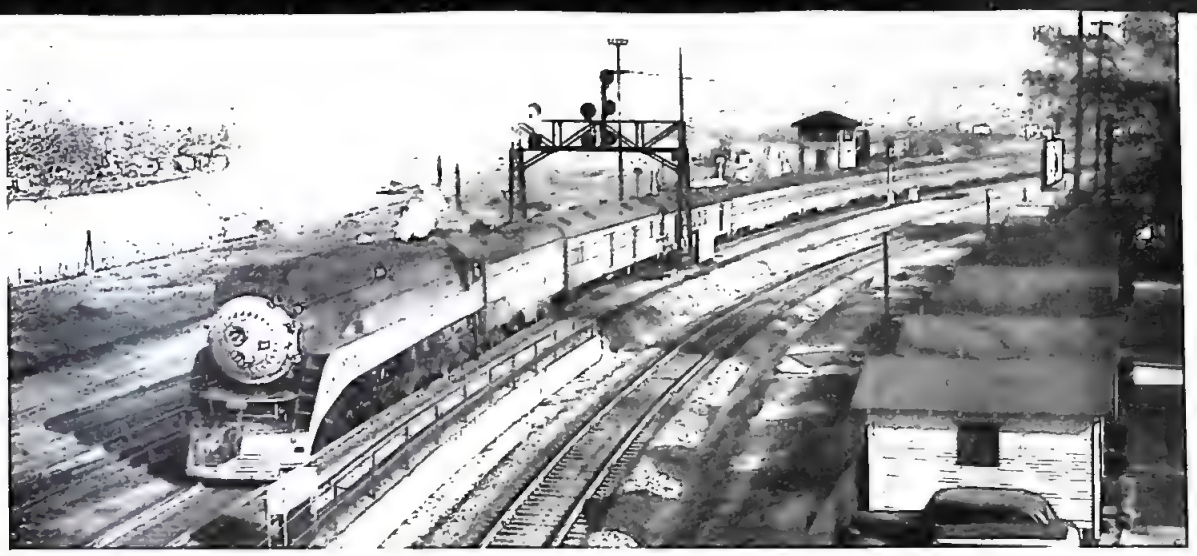
At Colorado College, Duke took several photography classes and had access to the college darkroom. He liked the school and the region and spent three summers taking classes to graduate early. He spent his afternoons working at Dietz Brothers Camera as a commercial photographer. Here he became an expert in cattle and horse photography, a Dietz specialty.

Graduating in 1951 with a B.A. in Economics and a B.S. in Educational Psychology, Duke remained in Colorado another year, furthering his camera skills and winning awards for his livestock photography along the way.

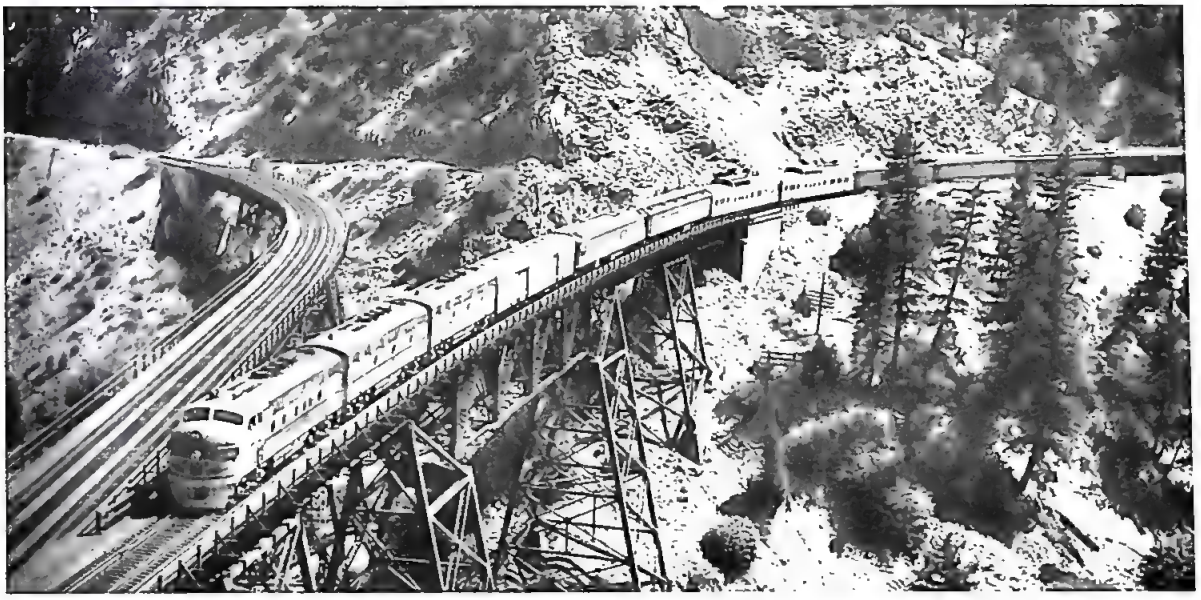
Upon his return to Southern California, Duke

Donald Duke

Flying two green flags to indicate that another section is following, Santa Fe 4-8-4 3781 charges up Cajon Pass with the first section of train 24, the *Grand Canyon Limited*, on February 2, 1947.



Southern Pacific's all-Pullman *Lark* nears the end of its overnight run from San Francisco as it passes Taylor Yard in Los Angeles. GS-4 4447 heads train 76 in this scene from March 7, 1948.



In the months before the March 20, 1949, launch of the *California Zephyr*, cars for the new train were added to its predecessor, the *Exposition Flyer*. Hence the mixture of stainless-steel and heavyweight cars in this view of the westbound *Flyer* crossing Western Pacific's spectacular bridge at Keddie, Calif.

took a position as a seagoing purser for Mobil Oil's Standard Tank steamship line. Mobil's new refinery at Bellingham, Wash., had just opened and was hungry for crude oil. There were three tankers that worked the Pacific Coast to deliver the goods: the *Pegasus* (named for Mobil's flying red horse symbol), the *Coalinga*, and the *Syosset*. Duke made this trip on numerous occasions.

For the purser's position as fourth officer of the ship, Duke was required to join the Merchant Marine. His duties were to keep the tanker supplied with everything necessary, pay the crew, and also be in charge of the crude oil being transported. The tankers rode nicely up to Bellingham, but on the way back the empty ships would bob around in the sea very uncomfortably. After a year and a half on the tankers, Duke was relieved to return to dry land, working in the Public Relations and Advertising departments.

On one occasion following his return from the sea, Duke was photographing trains going over Cajon Pass with friend Walter Thrall, who was then a Union Pacific locomotive engineer. It occurred to Duke to set up a big "SMOKE" sign beside the track ahead of where they wanted to take pictures. When the train eventually came by, the sign had earned them all the smoke they could ask for, so that became a successful device for many shoots to come at various locations. Walt and Don both belonged to the national Railway & Locomotive Historical Society, and it was decided that they would start a Southern California chapter. After extensive discussions, they held a barbecue in Duke's back yard and put together their application to the national club.

With the establishment of the Southern California Chapter of the R&LHS, Duke became the secretary-treasurer, not desiring to be chairman. He was also a director of the national society for some 14 years. His grandmother had obtained for him a membership in the national organization at age 12, which he still holds today. While Duke has not been active in the chapter's affairs in recent years, he does attend local meetings on occasion.

Duke had also joined the Rocky Mountain Railroad Club while attending college in Colorado, and is still a member to this day. The assignment of the club's membership numbers is updated following the deaths of members, so Duke is now down to member No. 14.

Motoring around the U.S.

After his time on the oil tankers, Duke became connected with the Mobil Economy Run, which was a test to find the most economical automobiles. The run would go various places around the

Donald Duke

Work for Mobil Oil took Duke to various areas of the country. During a mid-1950s trip east, he photographed a pair of Norfolk & Western Y-6 2-8-8-2 Mallets climbing toward Blue Ridge, Va., with eastbound coal.

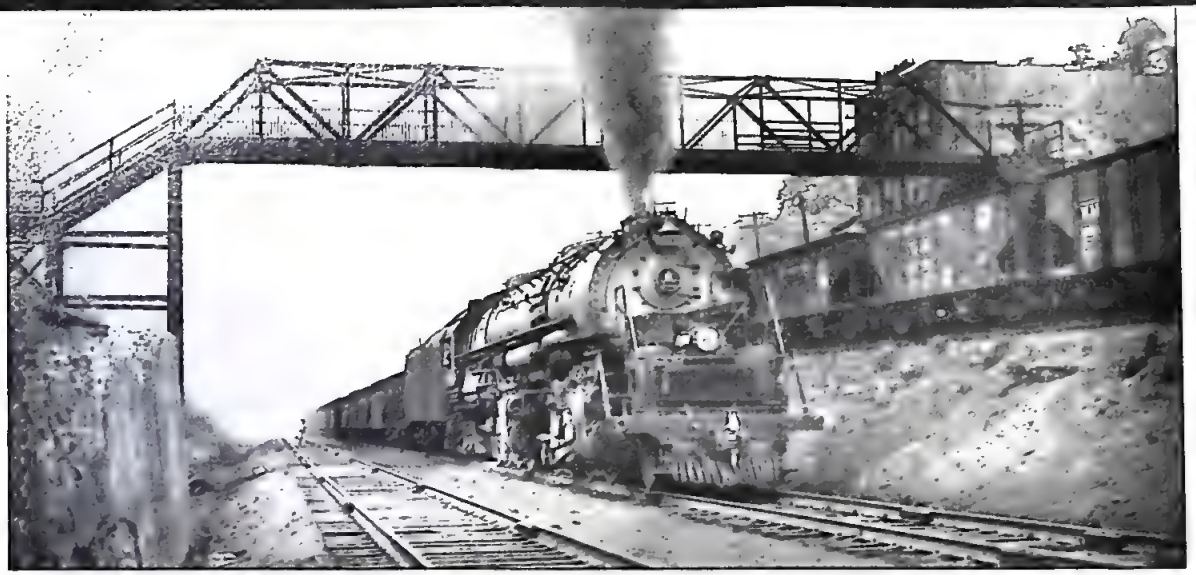
country, with auto manufacturers submitting cars for testing. It was a big job: selecting a route in secret to prevent the manufacturers from practicing it in advance; moving 500 people across the country, lodging them and feeding them; providing a "press train" for the media at the end of each day's run; and then a final banquet at the end with an awards ceremony.

After the run, the cars would have to be returned to Southern California, so Duke would drive back in one of the contestants' cars, with gas, food, and lodging paid for by the company. In this way, Duke was able to travel about and photograph trains in the East for two to three weeks at a time. Other interesting projects included being involved with the Indianapolis 500 race, where Mobil provided the fuel for many of the race cars, and he also participated in the Pike's Peak Motorcycle Hill Climb.

One of Duke's tasks for the duration of the Mobil Economy Run years was to book all the drivers and participants into rooms during the rally across the United States. It was about this time that Duke made the acquaintance of Bill Dredge, the Auto Editor of the *Los Angeles Times*, who would go on to become the head of public relations for the Dodge Division of Chrysler. When the Economy Run program ended in 1968, Duke needed a new car. He thought of calling on his old friend Bill Dredge and asked if he could get a deal on a new Dodge Monaco station wagon. Before he knew it, he had a voucher to pick one up "on the house." It was a 1969 model and it ended up having 625,000 miles on it by the time Duke had driven everywhere he could.

There were weeks at a time when Duke had little work to do following the completion of an Economy Run, so he began writing articles and books, which was really the beginning of his publishing firm, Golden West Books. Ray Burton, the Marketing Department Manager at Mobil, wanted Duke to move to New York for a promotion. His salary would have tripled, but it would have meant a move to a walk-up apartment and not using a car. The money and the job sounded good, but Duke preferred the Southern California lifestyle.

Duke asked his father whether sticking with Mobil until the full retirement age of 65 would provide him with a pension, with which he hoped to start his own publishing company. The senior Duke affirmed the wisdom of the plan. So Donald followed that route, keeping his stock options and working on the Mobil Economy Run each year. It worked out very well and as the years of service built up, so did the stock options until he owned a large chunk of Mobil stock.



Like the N&W, the Baltimore & Ohio moved mountains of coal out of West Virginia. Here's EM-1 2-8-8-4 7614 with yet more loaded hoppers near the top of Newburg Grade at Tunnelton, W.Va., on June 11, 1949.

High in the Rocky Mountains, just below the famous Spiral Tunnels, Canadian Pacific's *Dominion* drops down Kicking Horse Pass near Cathedral, B.C. T1c 2-10-4 5934 up front was built in 1949 but soon displaced by diesels.

Getting into publishing

Enjoying life in Southern California, Duke became good friends with Hank O'Leary, the public relations head of the Santa Fe. One day while in O'Leary's office, he saw a magazine called *Pacific Railroad*. Asking Hank about the magazine's origins, he learned that all the officials of the various Southern California railroads attended a monthly dinner, at which they hosted a guest speaker. O'Leary took Duke to one of the meetings and he joined the club and became friends with all the officials. One of the meetings had John W. Barriger III as speaker.

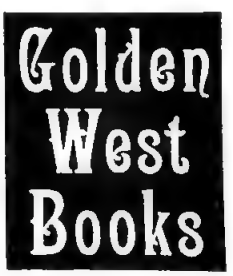
In addition to being a railroad executive, Barriger was an avid railroad buff and would hold breakfast meetings where he handed out Duke's railroad books as gifts. He bought hundreds of books at a time and became Golden West's best customer. Barriger remained Donald's good friend until he passed away in 1976. Duke got letters of invitation from these numerous railroad officials to visit their properties and take pictures. The SP even gave him a letter to ride in locomotive cabs and on freight trains, and also provided him with a key to wayside phones so he could call the dispatcher for a lineup. Barriger got him into the Lexington Group of railroad historians as well.

When on the Rio Grande narrow-gauge, Duke met John Kenefick, a trainmaster who later became president of the Union Pacific. Together with Al Krieg, Duke spent a month on Sherman Hill, making the movie *Last of the Giants*, the history of the Big Boy locomotives.

Three clubs—the Railroad Boosters (who later became the Pacific Railroad Society), the Southern California Chapter of the R&LHS, and the Electric Railroaders Association—decided to publish a quarterly magazine called the *Pacific Railway Journal*. The publication lasted about five years, but folded after it became difficult to obtain articles. Duke was editor and writer of *PRJ* from the start, and the publication played a significant role in the start of Golden West Books.

After viewing the fine night photography of Jim Shaughnessy and O. Winston Link in TRAINS magazine, Duke and his friend Tom Gildersleeve would string wire and put flashbulbs on pie tins in an attempt to get good night images. Duke became interested in shooting at Pacific Electric's Subway Terminal, which was extremely dark. Searching for lighting solutions at an industrial firm, Andrews Hardware, he got a recommendation from a clerk for trying magnesium wire, which went off like fireworks and burned a bright, white light. Purchasing the only available reel, Duke and a PE employee named Bob Slocum snuck down into the

The emblem of Duke's publishing firm on the spine of a railroad book has been a sign of quality for decades.



Donald Duke

Making like a 4-8-4 flying up the Central Valley with the *San Joaquin Daylight*, little 4-6-0 No. 18 of SP's Owens Valley 3-foot-gauge rambles south toward Keeler, Calif. SP shut down this line in 1960, but the 1911 Baldwin survives in a park at Independence, Calif.

Low-drivered 2-8-0 No. 5 of the 28-mile Magma Arizona Railroad crosses a short trestle in the early 1960s. In getting this shot, Duke backed into a cactus, resulting in a trip to the hospital to have the needles removed from his posterior.

subway and ran some 100 yards of magnesium wire. When the interurban car came wandering down the track, Don and Bob set off the wire and it suddenly looked like daytime down in the tunnel. Duke was sure the motorman must have thought the world was coming to an end, but the result was a fantastic, well-publicized shot.

Duke formally started Golden West Books in 1960. Tommy Vail, the Mobil Oil corporate attorney, drew up the papers. He was unable to incorporate as Golden West Books, as there were already several other Golden West companies in existence. So the business was incorporated as "Pacific Railroad Publications, doing business as Golden West Books." Golden West was initially created to publish Duke's own works, but ended up publishing other authors as well. Duke added to his collection of library books and ephemera until 2008, at which time he had 45,000 volumes on railroads and file drawers of tickets, timetables, maps, photographs, etc. All were donated to the Huntington Library in San Marino, with Duke allowed permanent access to his collection.

While photographing steam trains on the Magma Arizona Railroad in the early 1960s, Duke got the idea it would make a swell article for *Arizona Highways* magazine, as well as accumulate some shots for a future Golden West book. He wrote the editor, who thought it sounded like a great idea, but wanted mines included. After researching the Magma Copper Co., Duke sent his manuscript and it was accepted with the photos. Duke's best shot from that trip was a train crossing a trestle, which became the centerpiece for the article. Little did anyone know that to get this shot, Duke fell backwards into a barrel cactus and had 26 thorns removed from his behind.

During one of his many visits to SP's shops at Taylor Yard, Los Angeles, Duke saw a pair of gloves resting on a freight-car wheel. The photo he made of the scene could date from almost any time in railroading's 180-year history.

Westside Lumber Co. Shay No. 10 eases a log train downgrade near Camp 8 in 1961. The 3-foot logger connected with the Sierra Railroad at Tuolumne, Calif., about 8 miles ahead. Duke ran into a bear on this trip, but came away unscathed.

A lasting legacy

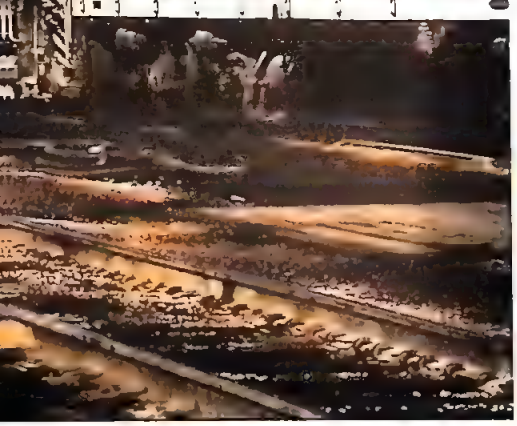
By 2008, Donald Duke had published 153 books on railroading, including a four-volume series on the Pacific Electric, plus a two-volume set on the Santa Fe. Duke himself has authored many of these. Now age 80, he works at the office on a limited schedule, and has lost some of the energy to pound the old typewriter as often as back in the good old days.

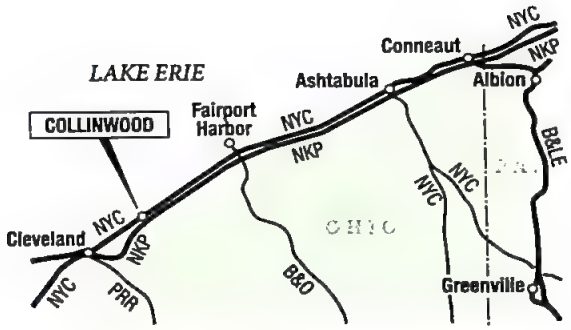
With the end of steam and the decline of passenger trains, Duke takes few photographs anymore. It is his thinking that modern motive power is not as attractive as steam and that most of the new locomotives look like "armored cars on rails." He admires how the railroads have regained their standing with business and industry through intermodal shipments and other efficiencies, but he remains a historian, with a romantic and nostalgic eye to the glory days of American railroading.

Over the years, Duke has produced numerous articles on railroading and the history of western North America. He has served on the board of the Los Angeles Chapter of the Westerners International historical society, and edited the group's magazine, the *Branding Iron*, for some 16 years. He was a member of the Western Writers of America for years and wrote several screenplays for television's *Gunsmoke*. Duke has also produced a number of past articles for the Railway & Locomotive Historical Society's *Bulletin*. He currently writes for the *California Quarterly*.

During the long years of his infatuation with railroads, Donald Duke has made not only an invaluable contribution to the history of railroads in America, but also to the very history of the country itself, with which the growth of railroads is inextricably linked. Over those years, no effort was too great in pursuit of this rewarding fascination. Perhaps the years ahead will not allow further adventures of that extreme sort, but Donald Duke still has a head full of ideas, and that distant whistle never really goes away entirely. Like the railroads of his past, the future too is an open book, just waiting to be experienced. ■

After seeing a lineup of three eastbound freights at NYC's mainline fuel pad at Collinwood Yard (top), we headed to a grade crossing and were treated to quite a parade (following pages). The morning began near Collinwood with Nickel Plate train 6 (left), Buffalo-bound. The day before, we'd found our main target, one of the two NYC FT A-B sets still in use, leaving on a transfer (right) against the background of the backshop.





One day at . . .

Collinwood, Ohio

By J. David Ingles • Photos by the author

In August 1964, two years after our great Pittsburgh invasion ["Storming the Steel City," Fall 2009 CLASSIC TRAINS], Jerry Pinkepank, the late Hank Goerke, and I set out for a weekend in another somewhat steel-oriented city, Cleveland. We took my newly acquired "first car of my very own," a 1958 salmon-colored, four-door Chevy. (Those old enough to remember might recall that pink and gray were "in" colors in the late '50s.) Our goal was to photograph New York Central's last FT's, two A-B pairs reported to be working out their days in transfer work in Ohio's largest city. The weekend was successful . . . up to a point.

On Saturday, August 15, we drove more or less directly to Cleveland's east side, site of NYC's big Collinwood shops. The backshop was north of the main line and east of the 152nd Street overpass, while the diesel running shop was west of the bridge and south of the mains. We photographed a bunch of NYC units including a pair of the sought-after FT's, 1600 and 2400 (an A and a B), leading F7A 1653 in a trio heading west on a transfer. We then drove east to Albion, Pa., for a quick return look at the Bessemer & Lake, an appetite whetted by our North Bessemer Yard visit in 1962. We finished the day at Conneaut, Ohio [see "Second Section," page 94], on the Nickel Plate Road. (NKP was only a couple of months from merger into Norfolk & Western, but we didn't know that.)

Neither Jerry nor I can recall exactly where we tied up that night, but next morning, Sunday, August 16, back in Cleveland, we first went to a point just southeast of Collinwood Yard to get Nickel Plate passenger train No. 6,

Parade Train 1: Before any of the eastbounds left the fuel pad, three westbounds out of Buffalo showed up. First was this merchandiser behind a quartet of F7A's, the lead one still in lightning-stripe livery. New York Central had 238 of them, plus 55 F7B's and 62 earlier F's.

Train 2: Contemporaries of the Central's GP30's and U25B's were 25 2,000 h.p. Alco RS32's, a model that sold only to NYC and Southern Pacific. NYC would buy 10 C430's, in 1967, before Alco quit the game. Matched against the F7's on NYC was its fleet of 197 Alco FA's and FB's.

which breezed by around 8 a.m., bound for Buffalo behind GP9 477 with three cars. Back on the NYC, we found at the Collinwood mainline fuel rack the line-up of three eastbounds you see on the previous pages.

Wanting to photograph the trains in action, we drove a short ways east to a public street crossing, where the right of way still had four tracks and the trains would be almost up to track speed, and wound up with the bidirectional bonanza pictured on these two pages and the one following. First, four F7's breezed in from Buffalo with mixed merchandise, closely followed by three Alco RS32's with a boxcar train, both on the apparent "Collinwood freight main," second track from the north. At this time, NYC's 25 2,000 h.p. Alcos were still among its premier road power. The first eastbound out, surprisingly, was the drag, behind four Geeps, the rearmost of which was a Peoria &

Eastern GP7. As this train was going by, passenger train No. 59, the *Chicagoan*, rolled past on the middle of the three mains with a dozen or so cars behind E7's 4029 and 4027.

The seemingly hottest eastbounds, both "intermodal" as we'd call 'em now, were saved for last, possibly to run around the Geeps now that No. 59 had gone. First was the one with the four U25B's; it was shorter than the one following it, but the latter had more Flexi-Vans than trailers on flatcars. Its power was a trio of second-generation EMD's, two GP20's sandwiching a GP30, with FA1 1007 trailing but contributing to the horsepower. The Central had only 15 GP20's and 10 GP30's, all of which, unlike such models on most other roads, lacked dynamic brakes.

We returned to Collinwood Shops, and after snapping a few portrait photos of NYC units, a Nickel Plate transfer showed up behind three Alco switchers: S4's 79 and 61 and S2 44. As its caboose passed, we framed it with Boston & Maine GP7 1568, one of several leased by NYC at the time.

Leaving Collinwood, we got on the nearby Route 2 expressway, buckling up the airline-style seatbelts my father had installed in my Chevy as we headed up the ramp. This habit proved to be fortuitous. We were en route to the Pennsylvania Railroad's station and engine terminal on Cleveland's near east side, but we never made it. Off the freeway heading south on a city street, we were proceeding through a traffic-light intersection with the green when an eastbound vehicle, driven by an older fellow who had no insurance, ran the red light and broadsided us, totaling my Chevy. The seatbelts saved us from being ejected from the car and

Train 3 (top and above): Four Geeps were next, three in lightning stripes and with a Peoria & Eastern GP7 trailing a GP9 and two other GP7's. New York Central System, including P&E, Pittsburgh & Lake Erie, and Cleveland Union Terminal, had a total of 369 GP7's and 9's.

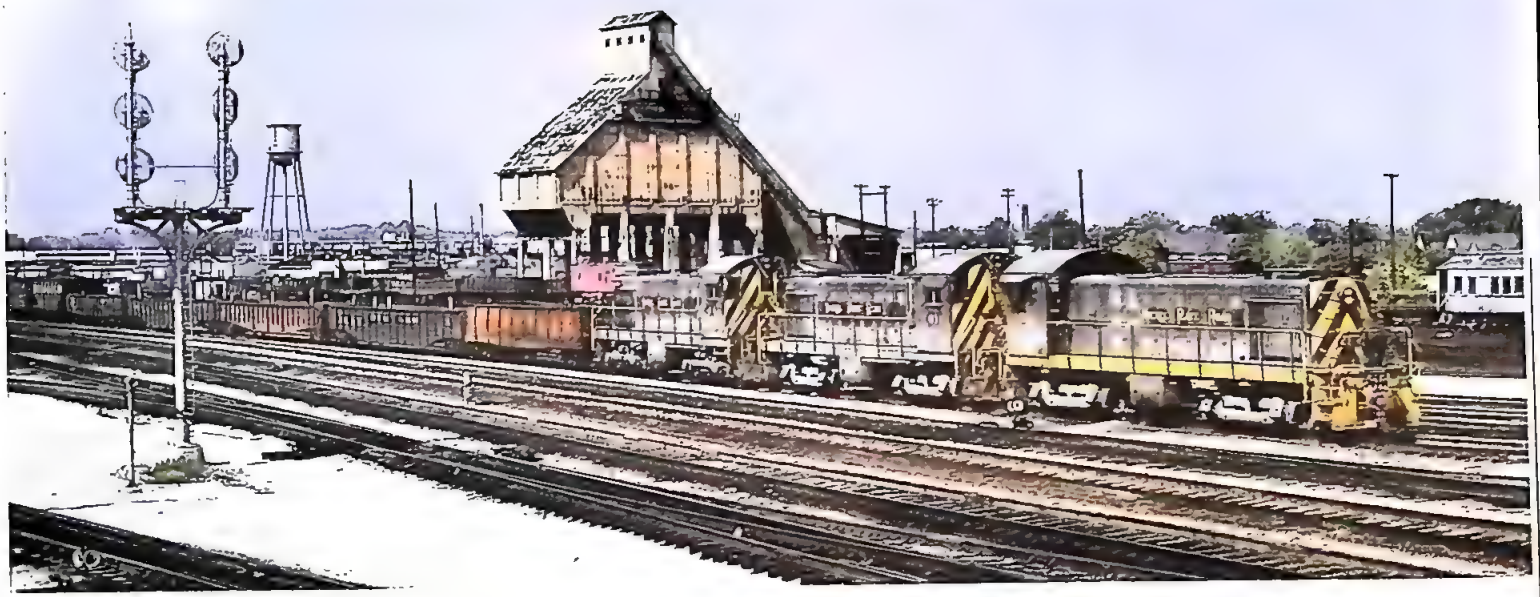
Train 4: As Extra 6024 East clattered by, gaining momentum, a pair of E7's slipped up on us with train 59, the *Chicagoan*. Little did we know that we would be on board this same train the next day, homeward-bound to Detroit by rail after our auto was wrecked in a collision.

Train 5: Four brand-new GE U25B's, pride of the Central at the time, lead a piggyback train east. Behind the trailers on flatcars (TOFC) are Flexi-Vans, NYC's early intermodal containers, which would dominate the consist of the next train (below). NYC eventually had 70 U25B's.

Train 6: The smoke from trailing FA1 1007 gave us Alco fans heart, as she was obviously contributing to the horsepower behind three newer EMD's, two GP20's and a GP30, unusual among the fleets nationwide in lacking dynamic brakes—it *is* the Water Level Route, after all.

suffering serious injury, although we were taken to a hospital emergency room and treated for cuts and bruises. We obtained a motel room for the afternoon and overnight, and next day, after extracting a few personal items from the car in a salvage lot, we went back to Detroit by train.

With a bandage or two visible here and there and an unusual piece of "luggage," we must've startled a few passengers as we rode the *Chicagoan* from Cleveland Union Terminal to Toledo's Central Union Terminal, and then Baltimore & Ohio 54, the northbound *Cincinnatian*, up to Detroit's Michigan Central Terminal. (Within a few months, B&O would exit MC for Fort Street Union Depot, utilized by B&O's new parent, Chesapeake & Ohio.) The conspicuous "luggage" was the 12x12x18-inch galvanized metal red Coca-Cola cooler in which we had stocked provisions and which I'd salvaged from my



Three Nickel Plate 1,000 h.p. Alco switchers, on a yard track just north of the mains, burble by the massive old NYC coaling tower at Collinwood with a transfer. By the time its caboose came by, we were down in a parking lot to get it passing a B&M Geep, leased by NYC (below).

wrecked Chevy and filled with miscellaneous small items to go home. The cooler rests today in my basement, still with the dent in its side incurred in bouncing around during the collision.

As evidence of the less-than-serious nature of our injuries, that evening I drove Jerry, in my father's car, from our Dearborn home to suburban Plymouth to catch Chesapeake & Ohio train No. 15, the evening *Pere Marquette*, home to Lansing. We photographed both it and, a little while beforehand, eastbound counterpart train No. 12.

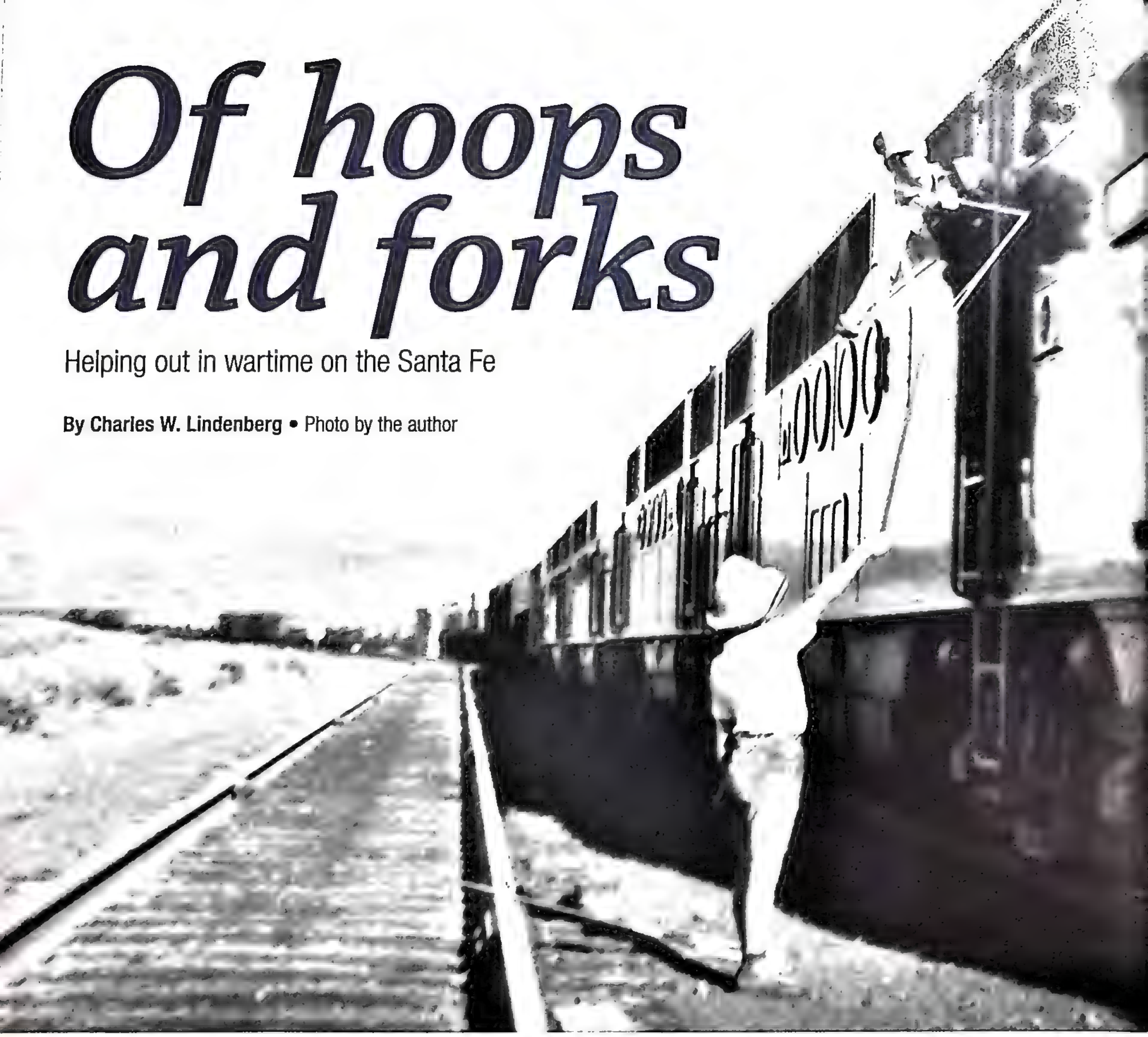
All these 35mm color prizes from the weekend more than offset any sour thoughts about the accident. Insurance money helped me, in time for the fall college term in Illinois, replace the Chevy with a black 1961 Ford Galaxie, and for several years it faithfully took me to school and on many railfan trips to over a dozen states, as far as Texas and Colorado. I didn't return to Cleveland to photograph trains for several years, though. ■

On Monday after our return by train to Detroit, on NYC's *Chicagoan* and B&O's *Cincinnatian*, I took Jerry out to Plymouth to board C&O's evening *Pere Marquette*, train 15, home to Lansing. Eastbound counterpart 12 from Grand Rapids had stopped here 45 minutes beforehand.

Of hoops and forks

Helping out in wartime on the Santa Fe

By Charles W. Lindenberg • Photo by the author



With the one-piece headphone pressed against your left ear, you monitor Santa Fe's private telephone that connects all the stations along the Albuquerque Division's Third District with the dispatcher in Winslow, Ariz. You're in tiny Welch, Ariz., 12 miles west of Williams, helping your mother, the operator.

Above the south window of the depot, overlooking the tracks, two low-wattage bulbs in white porcelain sockets remain lit until a train "hits the block" a few miles away. The train causes the appropriate light to extinguish, informing the operator of its approach. (Some stations work just the opposite—the lights remain dark until the train hits the block, then they come on. This has caused some embarrassing moments for new operators transferred from a "lights on" to a "lights off" station, and during these hectic World War II years, new operators are common.)

The left block light goes out. You turn to the telephone on the end of a swiveling, accordion-type extender, press a button on the side of a small box, and speak into the mouthpiece, "Welch, block west?"

After a moment, the dispatcher's voice comes back. "Welch, that's Extra One-Forty-Seven. Take a D-form."

Santa Fe has three different types of message formats. The first, and most formal, is the official Train Order. Next is the D-152, also known as the D-form; each has its own printed form. Finally, for low-priority traffic, there are plain messages, written on a pad of ordinary paper.

"OK, go ahead."

"To Extra One-Forty-Seven West. Clear Number Three at Daze. And sign it A. B. Enderle."

You read back the message, then reach for the clearance cards.

Messages are delivered against a "red board" (signal),

The fireman on FT 147 reaches for the D-152 in the fork held up by the author's mother, the operator at Welch, Ariz., during World War II.

alerting the train crew. However, no train may proceed through a red board without a clearance card—a yellow piece of paper listing all the Train Orders and D-152's being delivered. Without the clearance card, the train must stop.

"Clear Extra One-Forty-Seven West at Welch with one D-152." The dispatcher gives you his initials, and you write them on the clearance card.

East of Welch, the FT diesels rumble down Johnson Canyon, dynamic braking keeping the long line of freight cars in check as the train descends the steep grade from Supai to Ash Fork.

You've made three copies of the message and clearance card: one for your files, one for the head end, and one for the caboose. (For a doubleheader, you'd make an extra copy.) You fold both forms together, take a "hoop" from the rack on the wall, and slip the papers under a brass spring clip.

Early hoops were made of a light, round wood shaped like a figure "9." The brass clip holding the messages was located where the top of the "9" curved around and met the main shaft. Standing a few feet from the tracks, you'd hold the hoop up high so the fireman could slip his arm through the opening of the hoop. You'd let go of the handle when a slight tug was felt—or have the hoop yanked rudely from your hand. The fireman removed the messages, then tossed the hoop away from the train, to be retrieved later. The second hoop was held so the brakeman standing on the lower step of the caboose could snag it easily. Mother "handed 'em up"; my job was to run down the tracks and retrieve the hoops.

Those primitive hoops were replaced with a newer, "high-tech" model, shaped like the letter "Y" and usually called a fork. At the junction of the three legs was a metal clip facing upward. The two upper legs had grooves cut into their extremities. Messages were inserted into strings, which were tied with a fisherman's knot—single overhand knots tied onto the opposing ends. The message was held securely between the sliding knots when you pulled the two ends together. The string was then threaded onto the fork, over the ends of each and into the grooves on each upright leg, the message positioned halfway between them. The lower end of the string was slipped under the metal clip. Again, you held the fork high, the clip facing away from the oncoming train. With these, the fireman slipped his arm through the triangle, and the string easily came off the hoop. He did not throw back the strings—operators spent hours cutting and tying strings and placing them over two nails driven into the walls. It was common courtesy to leave your relief operator with a full complement of strings.

The blue-and-yellow FT diesel rounds the bend, and the engineer sounds four short blasts on the horn—a call for signals after seeing the red board. You are already outside, waving him on. At night you do this with your lantern, then you hold the lantern high with your free hand, illuminating the hoop or fork for the trainmen.

You take your stance next to the track. The fireman neatly snags the hoop from your hand, or the message string from the fork, and you have the length of the train to ready yourself for the caboose. Handing up to a doubleheader at night is a real challenge, though, juggling hoops between the lead engine and the following one, all while holding the lantern with your other hand.

After the man on the caboose takes his message, you run back into the office to "OS the train" (report it has passed, the term coming from "out of station," or the written record being "on-sheet"). The freight will enter Daze siding a few miles to the west, allowing train No. 3, the *California Limited*, to overtake it.

I was a young teen when my mother worked at Welch, and my big thrill came when she allowed me to hand up . . . with the dispatcher's knowledge, of course. Operators were scarce during World War II, so everyone who could, helped out. The dispatchers all got to know me, and after a short while, they trusted me to take plain messages and then even Form D's. Train orders were forbidden for me, however—they were too formal and important.

Two-way radio communications eventually replaced hoop-delivered messages, which—along with remotely controlled signaling such as CTC—spelled the end for small, isolated OS stations like Welch. In a similar manner, the diesel locomotives, in the name of progress and efficiency, ousted the magnificent steam engines, and another chapter of beauty and romance went down the westbound main. ■

Recollections of a tour conductor...

(or, *How I learned to keep smiling*)

Of passengers left behind, "green handshakes," and seeing the sights . . . from the Grand Canyon to Mexico City to the Canadian Rockies to Niagara Falls

By Jim Neubauer
Photos by the author
Illustrations from the author's collection

A year-'round fixture on America's postwar streamlined trains was the professional tour conductor, a representative of one of the major tour-operating companies, which included American Express, Berry, Cartan, Cook's, and Happiness. Although technically a paying passenger, he was a professional traveler and a coworker with the train crew. He took his meals with the crew after the revenue passengers had left the dining car, for he had to settle the bill with the steward. When he was deadheading on a train such as the *California Zephyr* out of Oakland, the train's stewardess would easily recognize him. (The suntan he'd be sporting from the *S.S. Lurline* voyages to and from Hawaii and two weeks on the islands helped, of course.)

If the tour conductor was traveling in coach with his tour party, the Pullman conductor often would offer an open bedroom for his overnight and "office" use. Usually, the tour escort was given a minimum sleeping accommodation—a lower berth on trains that had them, such as the *CZ*, otherwise a roomette or, if the train carried a Slumbercoach, a single room. For a good night's sound sleep, however, there was no finer accommodation than a lower berth in a heavyweight Pullman car.

Railroad tours predated the streamliner era by decades—they helped fill seats on the western railroads serving scenic areas. Union Pacific's Department of Tours, for instance, started in 1909, selling travel to such places as the North Rim of the Grand Canyon, Utah national parks, and West Yellowstone, Idaho. For the eastern young lady wanting to see the West, UP escorted tours were a safe, desirable way to go. Soon other railroads entered the tour business: Santa Fe and affiliate Fred Harvey to the South Rim of the Grand Canyon and to Yosemite National Park in California; Great Northern to Glacier Park in Montana; and also Northern Pacific and

Santa Fe's *Golden Gate*, a secondary Bay Area train, pulls into Merced, Calif., in May 1958 as the tour conductor frames the train's F7's with his group, getting ready to board.

Union Pacific was a pioneer in organizing rail tours of the West—its Department of Tours dated to 1909. Also active: ATSF, GN, NP, MILW.

Arizona's spectacular Grand Canyon was included on virtually every Santa Fe tour of the Southwest. Passenger GP9 729 stands at the station, with El Tovar hotel at the left.

One of two daily Bakersfield–Oakland *Golden Gates* each way boards passengers ahead of the lounge-observation car. As still occurs today, connecting buses linked L.A. with Bakersfield.

Milwaukee Road to Yellowstone. UP every summer ran a tour train, the *National Parks Special*, departing Chicago midday on summer Saturdays, first on the Chicago & North Western as far as Omaha and then briefly, after the 1955 changeover, on the Milwaukee Road.

For three and a half years in the late 1950s and early '60s, I was such a travel professional, based in Chicago. During the three peak summer months, June through August, I was in the Chicago office for Happiness Tours, accepting client bookings from travel agents and sending escorts on the "Around The West" tours each week, with usually about 80 coach passengers. The similar "California Golden West" tour usually booked a similar number each week.

From September through May, though, I got to go on the trips. I averaged 35,000 to 40,000 rail miles per season. Sometimes I would arrive home in Chicago on a Saturday, empty the suitcase, do the laundry, and fill up the bag again for another two weeks on the road, beginning the next day.

Although there may be no explaining by doing, there is learning by doing. In this fashion, I became a tour conductor *par excellence*. There was no novice's trial run, and there was no briefing that would adequately prepare a new tour escort. Helpful prerequisites included being familiar with the art of the possible, a knowledge of geography, a photographic memory of people's faces and names and train schedules, and an understanding patience with people.

Especially patience.

Breaking in

A tour conductor is a tour business manager, as opposed to a "guide," who merely lectures and maybe drives the sightseeing bus. The process of becoming a tour conductor is perhaps best explained by samples drawn from a composite tour. To begin, let's put ourselves aboard a streamliner at the end of a two-week tour.

Fourteen days ago I had left Chicago, armed with a little nervous tension, a sheaf of 32 names and 33 railroad ticket books, and waning confidence. Now, though, I am relaxed as UP's Domeliner *City of Los Angeles* glides along the last few miles of Milwaukee Road trackage into Chicago Union Station, concluding a "California Golden West" tour.

Two weeks! It has seemed an eternity

Tour-group photos are a must. In 1958, the author kneels with his group at Grauman's Chinese Theater's Forecourt to the Stars in Hollywood.

for me. It also has been a pleasant interlude, but within the hour it will be over. Thirty-two names have become an identical number of individuals. The ticket books are empty. All that remains is arrival, the final handling of "the bags" (passenger luggage), payment to the Red Cap porters, the "green handshakes" (accepting passengers' tips), and fond farewells.

Oh yes, and the sore face.

The briefing sheets at the outset of the tour told me to "keep smiling." I did. Through two weeks I have smiled that confident smile, the one that says, "What, me worry? All in is control. I'm happy to have you as my passenger." Now I'm relaxed, although I'm conscious of extreme pain in my cheeks.

Two weeks ago, the checking-in ritual proceeded at Chicago's Dearborn Station on a Sunday morning prior to the departure of Santa Fe train 19, the *Chief*. A desk, set up in the concourse for just this purpose, was the rendezvous point. I greeted passengers, introducing myself and exchanging a pleasantry, and noted the number of bags each passenger had ("Limit two pieces of baggage"). I collected their transportation tickets, and a Red Cap carted the bags to their assigned cars, both coaches and Pullmans.

After departure, I held an introductory gathering in the lower lounge of the full-length dome car. Passengers were introduced to one another, and I outlined tour rules and regulations, making our guests feel they are in sure hands, safe hands.

"Good morning, ladies and gentlemen. I am Jim, your congenital—er, your *congenial*—tour conductor. [Polite laughter.] As this is Sunday morning, Illinois is dry [sighs] until noon, about the time we reach Galesburg. The bar will open then [aahs!] until we cross the Mississippi River . . . into dry Iowa at 12:55 p.m. [boos and catcalls]."

The tour is thus keynoted, with humor and the promise of good times. With the essentials completed (*e.g.*, passengers are to sign their dinner check on the train with their names and that of the tour company), the tour conductor returns to his roomette and pouches the tickets for the train and Pullman conductors as the *Chief* leaves Joliet, Ill.

During the afternoon across Missouri and the evening across Kansas, I make conversation. I inquire as to the comfort of my charges, listen to tales of woe ("My wife and I are taking this tour to see if we can patch up our difficulties"), and answer such questions as, "How come Illinois has such black soil?" or "What kind of tree is that?" I am patient. I smile. I nod approval. I register dismay. I do what is appropriate. Above all, a tour conductor is a good, sympathetic listener.

The next afternoon at Williams, Ariz., our tour party detrains for the Grand Canyon. I direct my passengers to the bus waiting behind the depot, count noses, count bags, tip the Red Cap, and present the tickets to the bus driver. I count empty bus seats, knowing the capacity of the bus (39) and the number of passengers (32). I come up with seven. "Something's wrong; it should be only six, counting a seat for myself," I say silently. My patient smile hides the expletives, as I realize one elderly woman did not get off the train. A wire to the next station commends to Santa Fe's care the errant octogenarian; 40 hours will elapse before she can rejoin the tour. (I later introduce her to a fellow octogenarian, a male passenger who is going back to see his civil engineering work on San Francisco's Twin Peaks tunnels. They soon become "a couple.") I count people at each stop.

Be ready . . . for anything

The tour conductor must be ready to comfort passengers who are reduced to tears upon first seeing the Grand Canyon. It really *is* spectacular. He must warn them of the effects of alcohol at the rim's 7,000-foot elevation. He must, on arrival at the Bright Angel Lodge or El Tovar Hotel, pass out room keys, count the bags, tip the bellboys, announce the sightseeing schedules for the morning East Rim drive, and the meal hours. He may recommend Fred Harvey's Irish Coffee and "El Diablo"—broiled tenderloin tips on a skewer with tomatoes, red and green peppers, and

One envelope sufficed for the tickets for 10 Happiness Tours passengers on a Santa Fe *San Diegan* (top). Lamps of China exemplified a restaurateur who solicited tour business.

mushrooms. He must know that altitude combines with unfamiliar elements in drinking water to produce travel ailments variously labeled as "tourist trots" or Montezuma's Revenge." His handy remedy is anything from paregoric to sympathy . . . and always, a patient smile.

He must be prepared for anything from a chipped anklebone incurred minutes before train departure to a serious injury. (A passenger once tripped on a paving brick at Southern Pacific's Merced, Calif., depot while waiting for the *San Joaquin Daylight*, which meant I had to get statements from witnesses and the station agent to prevent a lawsuit and get medical attention for the passenger.) From time to time, the tour conductor must, for example, arrange single hotel rooms for the balance of the tour for a couple who have not patched up their problems.

Tour conducting has its rewards, of course. As in many instances, George Jue's Lamps of China restaurant in San Francisco's Chinatown gave tour conductors a free dinner for directing their party there. The price of dinner, of course, still shows on the expense account. The restaurant also paid a commission of 50 cents per dinner. The smart tour conductor used this commission to buy a round of drinks for his passengers. "George, will you serve my people cocktails with my compliments?" "Certainly, Jim." Casting his "bread" upon the "waters," the tour conductor smiles warmly, anticipating a better "green handshake" at tour's end.

Such were the myriad duties of tour conductors. Moreover, his care and feeding of passengers is almost a science—to enhance his tip potential, his commission earnings from additional sightseeing services, and his "knocking-down-on," or padding of, the expense account. Additional services which proved remunerative ranged from extra sightseeing trips to group photos to recommending "the better" (*i.e.*, commission-paying) souvenir shops.

On a two-week "California Golden West" tour, all the "hot spots" were visited or ridden in their turn, according to the particular itinerary: Yosemite, San Francisco, Southern Pacific's *Coast Daylight*, Los Angeles, Hollywood, Disneyland, San Diego, and usually, the grand finale on the "Crapshooters' Special," Union Pacific's train to Las Vegas.

Now we are homeward bound, in Wyoming on UP's *City of Los Angeles*, and tonight is the farewell dinner in the private Gold Room dining area.

"Tomorrow morning we will arrive in Chicago. For our last dinner together, I suggest the baked Rocky Mountain brook trout or the prime rib. I had the steward put aboard extra supplies of California white and red table wines this morning at Ogden. They will be served tonight with my compliments."

The tour manager dresses for dinner every night, even while en route on board trains, by donning a fresh white shirt and a different suit and tie.

At Chicago Union Station, after tallying the proceeds from the green handshakes (legal tender ranging from 25 cents to $20 or more in the palm of my hand, as a gratuity), it is evident the tour conductor's patience has paid off.

South of the border

After my break-in experience, I conducted more than California tours, escorting them nationwide . . . and beyond. One, the "Budget Tour of Mexico," went to our southern neighbor, and I escorted it several times during 1960-61. A November '60 Mexico tour is particularly memorable. To begin, at the Information Desk in Chicago Union Station on a Saturday morning, I introduced myself and let the station folks know I'd be checking passengers in and where I'd be receiving them. I corralled a check-in desk on the south concourse opposite the gate from where Gulf, Mobile & Ohio train No. 1, *The Limited*, would leave for St. Louis. The "Budget Tour" was coach from Chicago to Nuevo Laredo via St. Louis and Missouri Pacific's *Texas Eagle*, then Pullman to Mexico City. Strange as it may seem, Mexico City is as close to Chicago as is San Francisco, and also in the Central Time Zone, to boot.

Out of Chicago, I had 31 coach passengers, with two more expected to join us at Springfield, Ill. At check-in, I met my passengers, collected their luggage and tickets, handed out tour literature, and made mental notes as to their identifying features. I directed them to the train gate, where as customary, a tour party had the privilege of boarding before the regular passengers. Railroad

Two of National of Mexico's 90 EMD G12 diesels roll along with the *Aztec Eagle*, a connection at Neuvo Laredo with MoPac's *Texas Eagle*.

Transportation Notices ("TN's") had alerted station personnel, Red Caps, the coach attendant of our assigned car, the train conductor, and dining-car steward, and all were ready to receive us.

There was nothing else to do in the three-plus hours down to Springfield but chat with my passengers and memorize their names. When the couple joined us in the Illinois capital, I was able to walk them down the coach aisle and introduce them by name to each of the 31 Chicago passengers.

The transfer of passengers and baggage at St. Louis Union Station went with textbook efficiency. Some passengers stepped up to Slumbercoach rooms on the *Texas Eagle*, as I did. No. 21 carried a dining-lounge car to San Antonio, as well as a Planetarium car, as MoPac called its domes. Tour passengers signed their dinner checks, and after dinner I settled with the steward by filling out a form that went through railroad and tour-company accounting offices.

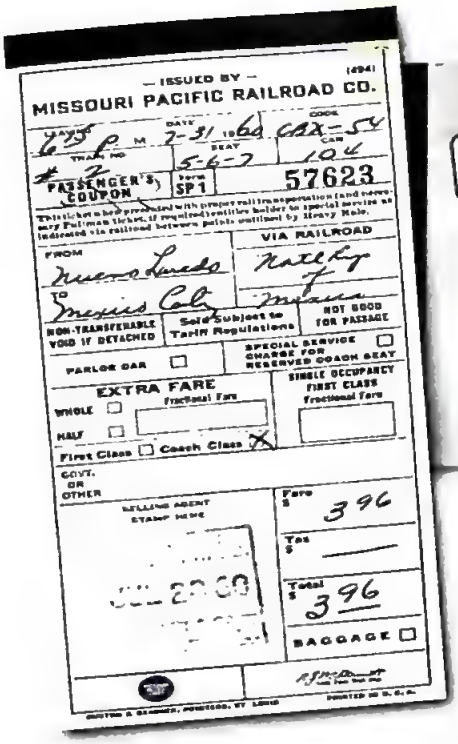
The border crossing the next evening at Nuevo Laredo also went without a hitch. Tour passengers were walked through the Mexican entry procedures, and we reboarded our train, now called the *Aztec Eagle*.

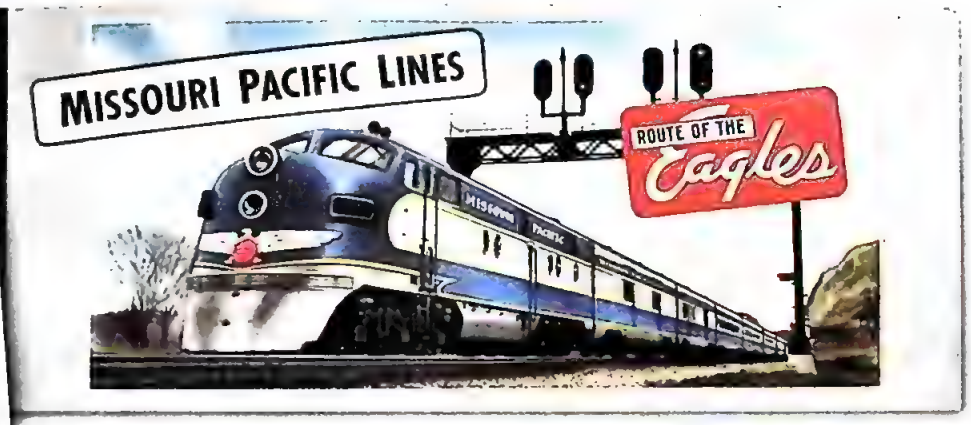
National Railways of Mexico's feature cars for us were Swiss-built: a first-class coach; diner *El Comedor*; and on the rear end, lounge-observation car *Club Mexica*. All three were supposed to have run through from St. Louis, but possibly Missouri Pacific thought it bizarre to contemplate locking couplers with any such animal, so the trio remained south of the border. The train did carry a regular through 10-roomette/6-double-bedroom sleeper from St. Louis to Mexico City, but in Mexico, our group rode in standard heavyweight Pullmans, each with a drawing room

Conducting a tour wasn't *all* business, as evidenced by the author posing with the 8½-foot Blue Marlin he caught while deep-sea fishing off Acapulco during a November 1960 tour.

NdeM lounge-observation *Club Mexica* served the author's tour group in both directions.

South of San Luis Potosi, a Pullman on the *Eagle* picked a switch, derailed, and toppled a caboose on an adjacent track. No one was hurt, and the train, shortened a bit, continued on.





In the post-World War II heyday, MoPac was very much a pro-passenger railroad. The coupon at left is for three *Aztec Eagle* passengers riding coach; most traveled first class in Pullmans.

and sections. Two of my passengers chose coach accommodations all the way and rode "up front with the goats and chickens."

Next morning leaving San Luis Potosi, we were on time. Our cars were at the rear of the train. I was enjoying the fresh air wafting in the open top half of a Dutch door with one of my passengers, a vacationing Chicago fire chief, when suddenly I had to tell him, "Hold on! We're on the ground!" As I looked forward, I could see the Pullman ahead going sideways to the direction of our car. Its truck had picked the point of a switch and toppled over a caboose on a side track. We lost two of the Pullmans and the rear lounge car in the incident. All passengers from the last three cars were moved forward to share the space to Mexico City, where our shortened *Aztec Eagle* arrived a couple of hours off the timecard. It was no problem for me to keep smiling, as things could have been a lot worse.

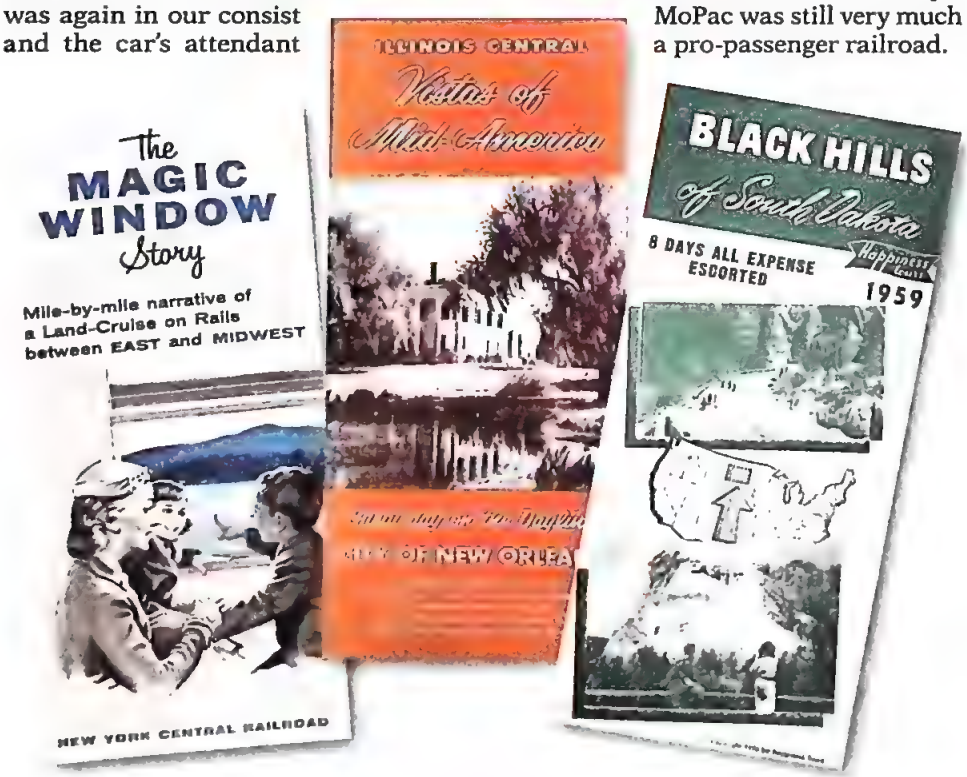
The dining-car steward had accepted the tour company's payment slip for last night's dinner and this morning's breakfast, but immediately afterward he told me, in fractured English, that he could not accept a payment slip for lunch and dinner because payment for the preceding tour's services had not come through. For once, I started to frown, for I had to ask my passengers to pay cash and get receipts for their eventual reimbursement.

Upon arrival in Mexico City, a representative from our Mexico office met our train, and our party transferred to the Premier Hotel. I told our local office folks what had happened with the dining-car steward, and on the return trip to the border 10 days later, there was no problem.

Our time in Mexico was memorable. We spent three nights in Acapulco at the Tampa Motel, where I had curried turkey on Thanksgiving Day. I also caught an 8½-foot-long Blue Marlin while deep-sea fishing (using sailfish tackle) with several other male passengers. We spent one night in quaint Taxco, then went back to Mexico City via Cuernavaca for five nights at the Premier Hotel.

Soon the day arrived to begin the return to Chicago. Back on NdeM's *Aztec Eagle*, running as First 22, observation car *Club Mexica* was again in our consist and the car's attendant told me a tale about what happened when the car came to its abrupt stop 10 days earlier. At the jolt, one of my female passengers riding in the car let out a scream . . . and the mirror hanging on the bulkhead broke!

The northward return trip was uneventful. During the brief San Antonio layover, some of my group hired a taxi for a quick look at the Alamo. On Saturday, the 15th day, a Missouri Pacific passenger rep was on board train 22, inquiring as to our welfare. Approaching St. Louis, he and I had breakfast in the diner, and I still have the MP tie-bar he gave me. Further, he assisted with our transfer to GM&O train 2, the *Abraham Lincoln*. In those days, MoPac was still very much a pro-passenger railroad.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1959

Not all tours from Chicago went west; the author conducted them to the east, using NYC, PRR, and B&O, and south to New Orleans on IC. Happiness also offered Black Hills tours via C&NW.

Other trains, other places

Among tours out of Chicago I conducted were some going east, on New York Central's *Fifth Avenue Special* to Buffalo or *New York Special* via Welland, Ontario, to Niagara Falls, with onward movement on an NYC Beeliner (Budd Rail Diesel Car) to Buffalo and a connection with No. 50, the *Empire State Express*. Once on such trip I met Rogers E.M. Whitaker, the noted *New Yorker* magazine writer (under the name "E. M. Frimbo") and worldwide rail traveler and "mileage collector." After a few nights in the Big Apple (it was just called "Manhattan" then), the Pennsylvania Railroad took our tour parties to Philadelphia on train 115, the *Executive*, for a motorcoach side trip to Atlantic City and back, and then on to Washington, D.C., on PRR train 155, the *Embassy*. Once we rode the *West Coast Champion*, a through Atlantic Coast Line train to Florida, to the nation's capital.

October's bright blue weather made for an especially impressive time in Washington to watch the changing of the guard at Arlington National Cemetery and to visit the White House. The tourists were thrilled. Our return leg to Chicago was on board my favorite overnight coach train, Baltimore & Ohio's *Columbian*.

Illinois Central heavily promoted its service from Chicago to the Crescent City, especially for Mardi Gras, southbound on train No. 1, the *City of New Orleans*. On the Saturday morning before Mardi Gras, tour parties rode the train's first section. It was truly a party train, with live music and dancing in the lounge-observation car. On one tour I conducted, no one seemed to mind that our New Orleans arrival was late, except for the team of escorts who had to transfer the passengers and baggage to the Jung Hotel at 3 a.m. We all faced the next five days and four nights with a minimum of sleep.

Northbound on IC's *Panama Limited*, I would exit the lounge car at Jackson, Miss., and lower the bed in my roomette. When I would raise the window shade next morning, often I'd look out as we crossed the Kankakee River, slowing for the Kankakee station stop an hour out of Chicago. I would rush to the diner, have breakfast, and settle with the dining-car steward. At journey's end, the Pullman porters were well practiced in getting the bags to the Red Caps, whom I'd pay in Central Station.

Another Happiness Tours destination, although one I did not escort, was a weekly summer Saturday departure for South Dakota's Black Hills, on Chicago & North Western's *Dakota 400*.

The savvy tour conductor/railfan usually could find time for a quick photo opportunity, as with SP's Portland-bound *Shasta Daylight* at the division point of Dunsmuir, Calif., in September '59.

A few new Budd lightweight cars mixed in with older cars on Canadian Pacific's *Dominion* allowed for a Dutch-door view forward as the eastbound train entered the upper Spiral Tunnel.

A new Skyline Budd dome car, and a coach ahead of it, brighten the otherwise heavyweight consist of the eastbound CP *Dominion* at Revelstoke, B.C. (top). After an off-train layover at Banff, Alta., the author's group readies to reboard the train, pulling in behind F's (above).

Happiness also offered Greyhound Bus tours there.

In my experience, the Santa Fe ranks without equal in keeping its trains on time. After the Winslow, Ariz., stop at 11:45 a.m. on No. 19, there were a couple of hours before arriving at Williams about 1:40, where we'd detrain for the Grand Canyon. The train's route description folder listed crossing Canyon Diablo at 12:24 p.m. With confidence, I could tell my passengers to look out and down for just a moment before we quickly soared over the deep, narrow canyon. It's not selective memory—I really don't recall any grievously late trains in the years I escorted tours, on any railroad.

Of course, schedule-padding occasionally contributed to such performances, as it still does today with Amtrak. For example, you could leave an hour or more late on Union Pacific out of Omaha and be on-time by Sidney, in western Nebraska, next morning.

One thing I do recall is that the Burlington Route and the Santa Fe set the standard for comfortable reclining, legrest seats in the coaches. Union Pacific's coaches were more Spartan, lacking such passenger amenities as carpeting, and its ACF-built domes had less forward visibility—not as good as Budd-built domes. Not that UP didn't provide nice memories. I just missed its steam era in my escorting years, but a colleague related to me how, departing Cheyenne westward with doubleheaded 800-class 4-8-4's up front, one could "see" each *chug* of the engines as the coffee sloshed a bit in the cups on the dining car's tables at lunch going up Sherman Hill. West of Laramie during the run across the Red Desert, no matter the motive power, we would see the mileposts go by every 40 to 45 seconds—and that was with heavyweight Pullmans riding on three-axle trucks with friction brass bearings!

On board Santa Fe's *Chief* one time, I had the privilege of meeting former President and Mrs. Truman. As new, proud grandparents, they were returning to Kansas City from daughter Margaret's back east. The President struck me as a benign, friendly person, the kind of grandfather whose lap a five-year-old would climb into, but the message on the face of his wife, Bess, was less hospitable. On the next California tour I conducted, our party met President Eisenhower, who was just about to leave office, as he exited the dining room at the Sheraton Palace Hotel in San Francisco. "Ike" had just given a speech there.

The "Three Nations Tour" visited Mexico as an optional side trip from San Diego, and returned to Chicago via Canada: Victoria and Vancouver, British Columbia, and Banff, Alberta. It was all-Pullman, all-first-class, except for the coach-only daytime ride between Oakland and Portland, Ore., on Southern Pacific's *Shasta Daylight*. By then the SP was becoming disenchanted with passenger service, it still put on a good show with great trains—slow, but nevertheless good. One night leaving Los Angeles on the *Lark*, the steward in the triple-unit diner-lounge invited me to dinner . . . at 10 p.m.! I declined, instead sharing the lounge with my passengers until I looked out and realized we were already at Santa Barbara and I could see the ocean surf. The car still had phone books in the telephone booth, but the phone itself had been removed.

On this itinerary, Northern Pacific's 5 p.m. pool train from Portland to Seattle (a route shared with Great Northern and Union Pacific) offered great dining in a Raymond Loewy-designed dining car. The NP's famous "Great Big Baked Potato" was the main menu feature, but the prime rib was also excellent.

Read about other streamliners
in DREAM TRAINS 2, on sale November 17,
or order from www.ClassicTrainsMag.com.

It's time for reflection in the *Cape*-series solarium car's lounge (above) as the "Three Nations Tour" rolls on its penultimate lap, from Moose Jaw, Sask., to Minneapolis on CP and Soo. Portal, N.Dak. (right), is the border stop.

Canadian Pacific's diners had subdued lighting, with the ceiling appearing as star-filled as the nighttime Canadian sky. Very elegant! Once, on the last tour of the summer season, we had an elegant next-to-last lap. Our cars were among the through cars switched off CP's *Dominion* (itself then a mix of heavyweight cars with a few new Budd lightweights), onto the *Soo Dominion* at Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan. On the rear, we had the train's usual *Cape*-series heavyweight bedroom-solarium observation lounge car, from which to rest our weary, scenery-surfeited eyes and enjoy the golden wheat fields, white grain elevators, and blue skies of the prairies.

Homeward bound, we clicked faithfully and diagonally across southern Saskatchewan, crossing into North Dakota with a border stop at Portal late in the day. Soo Line took us through the night to its Minneapolis hometown, where we were to make a breakfast-time connection with Milwaukee's *Morning Hiawatha*. At the time, the *Morning Hi* was combined with the *Olympian Hiawatha* from Seattle/Tacoma, and this morning, the "Greek-Indian" was late in arriving from the west. Milwaukee provided a make-up train, without a Super Dome lounge or a Skytop observation, but we were on time into Chicago.

My tour-conducting days ended in 1961 when I left Happiness Tours for another company; I was still in the tour business, but not in the field as I had been with Happiness. I had seen North American passenger service in its full, final, glorious bloom. I recall these days happily because they provide fond memories of rail travel. All those days on the road made the point that rail travel was the best way to see our beautiful land, and of course, it remains so. Once in a while, I'll ride a train again, and as I go from the vestibule to my seat, I often catch myself turning on a conditioned-reflex smile. ■

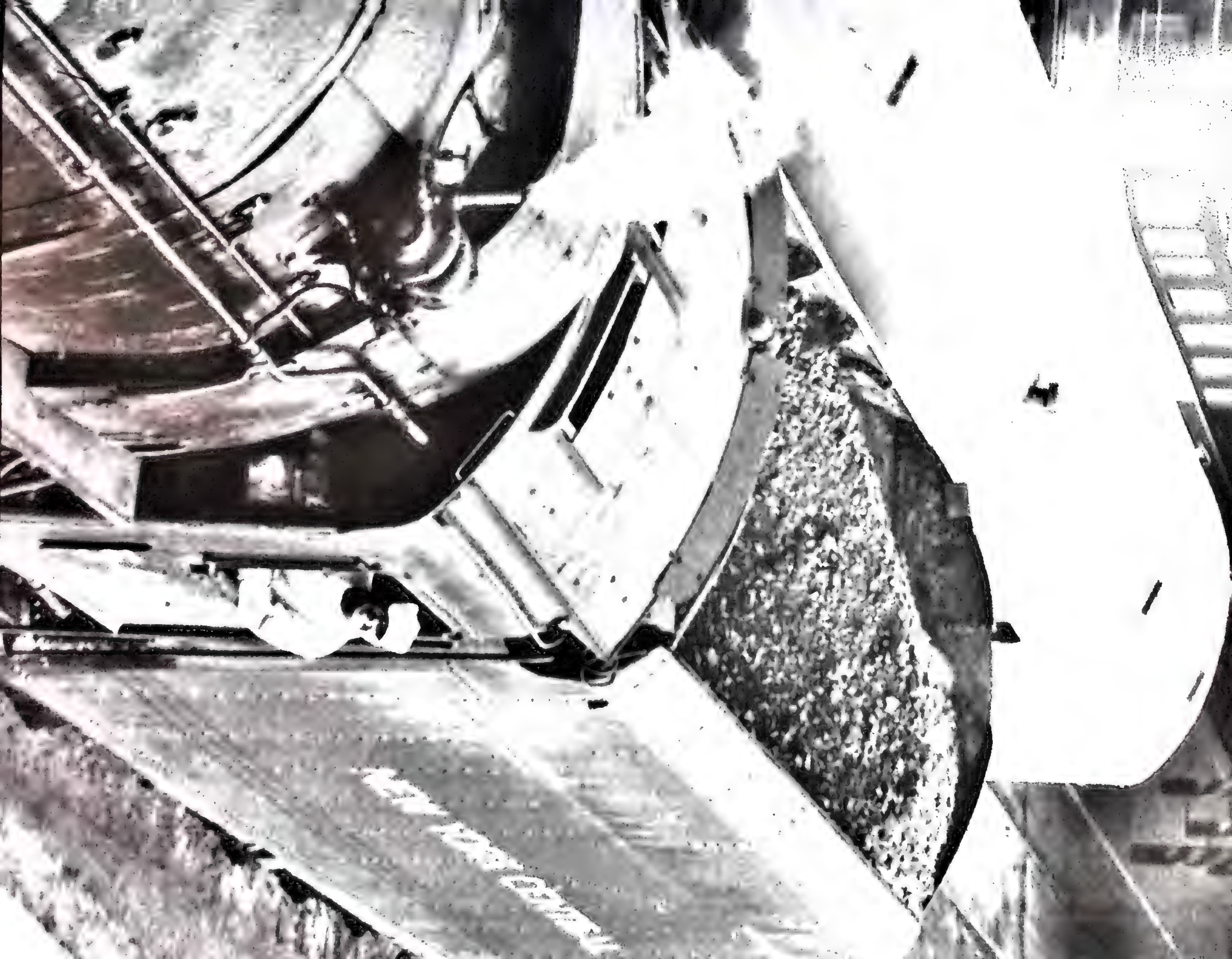
More on our Web site
Examine author Jim Neubauer's list of more than 40 trains he rode as a tour conductor, at www.ClassicTrainsMag.com

Workin' on the Railroad

All smiles on a J-3a

The fireman on New York Central J-3a Hudson 5417 seems to be enjoying his job in the late afternoon of a hot Chicago day in 1950. The 4-6-4 has just been cut off from its train, No. 419 from Indianapolis, which, like all of NYC's Big Four Route varnish into the Windy City, uses Illinois Central's station at 12th Street on the lakefront. Confirming that this is Central Station, the observation car of IC's Chicago–New Orleans *Panama Limited* is visible in the background.

Gene Lessers



Chariots of fire on the Erie

Memories of hot-metal trains around Youngstown, Ohio

One of the more interesting aspects of steel-mill railroading were the "hot-metal runs" that moved molten iron from the blast furnaces to the open hearths. The technology dates to 1914, when Jones & Laughlin at its Pittsburgh plant introduced the first "bottle" cars that could keep iron hot enough to remain molten for up to 36 hours. J&L's innovation saved a major step in the steelmaking process by eliminating the need for "pig iron" (so named because as the hot iron was poured from the furnace, it flowed down a central channel with molds on each side resembling pigs at a trough). The early cars had a capacity of 90 net tons, but by the mid-1920s they could carry 150 tons.

Hot-metal runs were a staple of the Erie Railroad (and successor Erie Lackawanna) around Warren and Youngstown in northeast Ohio when I was a tower operator there in the late 1950s and early '60s. The sight of a Baldwin or Lima-Hamilton diesel switcher with three or four "bottles" and caboose was routine, as much as a part of the traffic mix as boxcars and hoppers. Some bottle cars had covers, but others did not, and these were known to spill over and cause brush fires. I remember staring into the open tops of these cars as they rumbled underneath the street bridge at Erie's Youngstown station. It was like looking into Dante's *Inferno,* and I'm sure that riding in the caboose of a hot-metal train was a little intimidating. Special instructions in the employee timetable required that, to spread their weight, the bottles be separated from each other and from the engine and caboose by idler cars. Another reason for idlers: Some of the bottle cars did not even have brakes! Speed was limited to 20 mph loaded, 30 mph empty.

The Erie's hot-metal trains used the same tracks as passenger and freight traffic. I always mused about would happen if a bottle car derailed on its side. Luckily such incidents were few, but one did manage to turn over at Worthington Street, just west of the Youngstown station, pouring molten metal over both tracks and into the street. Those who witnessed it must have thought a volcano had just erupted. It melted the rails and turned the ties into so much charcoal. The clean-up job must have been interesting. I wonder if they used jackhammers to break up that field of solid iron.

Hot-metal runs started on the Erie in the early 1950s between Youngstown and Hubbard, Ohio. In later years they also included Warren, Sharon, and

Two photos: Clifford A. Redanz

At DeForest Junction, between Youngstown and Warren, Ohio, Erie Lackawanna Lima switcher No. 654 rolls a hot-metal train west. Behind the rare diesel are three bottle cars of molten iron, eight empty hoppers serving as idler/spacer cars, and a caboose. Heading into a siding in these May 29, 1966, scenes are the boxcars of eastbound EL freight 78.

Sharpsville. As a rule, the crews made one trip per day, sometimes two. Most bottle cars were built by the W. B. Pollock Co. in Youngstown, an on-line customer for the Erie. Pollock also built slag-dump cars for intra-plant use.

These hot-metal jobs also were a source of considerable acrimony between the Erie and the Pennsylvania Railroad. At a junction just east of Youngstown called variously Center Street, N Office, or Division Street, five Class 1 railroads crossed one another at grade: Erie, P&LE, Pennsy, Baltimore & Ohio, and New York Central. It was supposedly the busiest non-interlocked railroad crossing in the U.S. This crossroads of the nation's commerce was under the control of a switchtender employed by the B&O who directed all movements with colored flags by day and lanterns by night. It was a statutory stop, so no train moved until the switchtender beckoned him on. This included 16 daily passenger trains operated by the PRR, P&LE, NYC, and B&O. Just a few miles west, the Erie crossed the PRR main line to get into one of the mills. The crossing was controlled by a target handled by the Erie crews. Because getting into the mill with the hot-metal jobs required throwing seven switches, the Erie crews were wont to just leave the target lined for themselves. The PRR trains could wait—which they did. And this led to war.

The PRR crossed the Erie at two strategic places. One was at North Warren, where the PRR's Ashtabula line crossed the Erie's Second District, over which most of its hotshot freights ran. The second was at Bruin, near Greenville, Pa. Here the Erie main crossed the PRR's branch to Erie, Pa. The critical thing to understand here is that the operators at both towers were employed by the PRR. So when the war cry came out, these operators kept their signals red even if one of the Erie's hotshot 100's had to cool its heels while the closest Pennsy train was many miles away.

Needless to say, the Erie had a serious tactical problem. After about an hour or so, the Erie would cry "Uncle," and some poor trainmaster would have to be rousted out of bed to chase down the hot-metal crew. Then peace would again reign in the valley until the next hot-metal job.

Alas, with the decline and fall of the steel industry in the Youngstown–Warren corridor, such skirmishes are long forgotten. After all, the former adversaries soon had to live together when Conrail came along. And of course the Erie hot-metal runs became history, as did the Erie itself. But the bottle car is alive and well and is used all over the world in the steelmaking process.

And they have not been forgotten. Pittsburgh authorities recently named the old Monongahela Connecting Railroad bridge over the Monongahela River —modified to carry a highway after the rails were taken up—the "Hot Metal Bridge." I wonder, is there is a historical marker to mark the Erie-PRR skirmishes at Center Street near Youngstown? There should be.—*W. L. Gwyer*

W. A. Eby, PRR engineman and foster dad

Remembering a railroader who gave a boy a second chance

Michael Hauk collection

Engineman W. A. Eby climbs off his Baldwin S12 switcher (a "BS12m" in PRR nomenclature) while working the Bellefonte local in 1957.

I never knew Walter A. Eby, my dad's foster father. He passed away in 1963, when I was two years old. I have a few mementos of his life, however: his Waltham railroad watch, some photos, and perhaps most important, some stories told by my dad.

Dad never talked much about his troubled childhood; perhaps it was too painful to recall, or he thought it would not interest us kids. Most likely he figured it just wasn't anybody's business.

But he sometimes talked about Walter Eby, who was a locomotive engineer for the Pennsylvania Railroad. Dad went to live with Mr. Eby and his wife sometime around 1940, staying with them until he enlisted in the Navy as a dental corpsman in 1951.

As was the case with operating employees on many railroads, almost all PRR engineers (or, in company parlance, enginemen) were referred to by their first two initials, and W.A., as my dad always called him, was no different. W.A. was with the PRR for well over 50 years. A hand-written note on his PRR Relief Fund booklet states he was "promoted to engineman Thursday April 12, 1917." After working on the Pittsburgh Division, W.A. spent most of the remainder of his Pennsy career running over the old Lewisburg & Tyrone branch in central Pennsylvania. W.A. for many years ran the Bellefonte local between Sunbury and Bellefonte, Pa.

My dad lived with W.A. and his wife on Sixth Street in Sunbury, not far from the PRR station. Whenever he was running through town, W.A. would blow two quick shorts on the whistle. My dad could hear the whistle even while sitting in class in the old Sunbury High School, and would know W.A. was coming through.

One of my dad's favorite stories revealed W.A.'s irascible side. As the tale goes, a local politician who had somehow stirred the engineer's ire was holding forth from the podium at a political gathering of some kind in Sunbury's Cameron Park. The park was (and still is) right next to the PRR (now Norfolk Southern) main line through downtown Sunbury. W.A. came steaming through town, and, spying the object of his displeasure, caused the locomotive to belch forth a huge plume of black smoke and hot cinders, which rained down on the politico and scattered his supporters.

After my dad's passing in 2007, I found among his papers several photos of W.A. running PRR diesel switcher 8734, a Baldwin model S12. The photos are dated November 4, 1957. Steam was gone from the Bellefonte branch by 1955, and my dad noted W.A. didn't care much for the new diesels. An accompanying newspaper clipping from

November 1957 reports that W.A. was awarded a 50-year service pin by PRR Northern Regional Manager Paul W. Neff during a ceremony at the Sunbury Social Club, and that W.A. continued in active service.

Not long thereafter, W.A. retired. According to my dad, there was no ceremony, no pin, no gold watch. It seemed as if the PRR had forced him out, though on what grounds and by what means is not clear. "He had so much seniority and could be such a tough customer, I think the railroad was actually a little afraid of him," Dad once said.

My dad went on to success as a dentist, community leader, husband, and father, thanks in no small part to his own grit and determination. At least a measure of credit, though, is due the kindly heart of a gruff PRR engineman named W. A. Eby, who gave my father a home.—*Michael Hauk*

Michael Hauk collection

Like many old steam men, W.A. disliked diesels, but manages a smile aboard S12 No. 8734.

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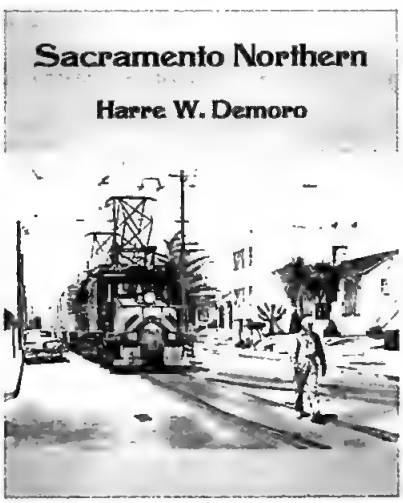

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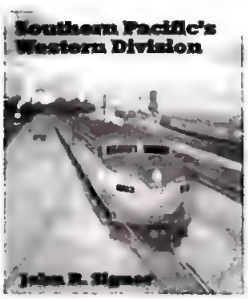

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Growing up along the Burlington

In Brookfield, Ill., the railroad was "a big, noisy, but always friendly neighbor with fascinating stories to tell"

Larry Kostka

E units lead the *Denver Zephyr* west through Berwyn at 5:15 p.m. on a lazy day in August 1963. Such scenes were part of daily life in the Chicago suburbs along the Burlington's triple-track.

It didn't matter how often you rode the trains, or even if you did at all. Growing up in the postwar era in Brookfield, Ill., along the main line of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy meant the railroad was part of your life. From rumbling late-night freights to transcontinental domeliners streaking through in the afternoon sunlight, the sounds and sights of the Burlington were indispensable dimensions of everyday life.

The Burlington was a lifeline for our suburban community. It took residents to and from the places they earned a living, and delivered the raw materials that supplied the factories that provided many of these jobs. The CB&Q brought fruit and vegetables from California, and meat and grain from the Great Plains. Its passenger fleet ran when buses and automobiles in those pre-snow-tire days could not.

The trains brought the latest news, good and bad: Part of a CB&Q commuter train conductor's daily duties was throwing out bundles of the morning and afternoon papers—rushed out of pressrooms to waiting trains in Chicago Union Station and stacked in vestibules—onto suburban station platforms, where they would be picked up and distributed. From the box scores of afternoon Cubs and White Sox games (night games were much rarer then, and the Cubs didn't even have lights) to the chilling news one hot summer night of the Julius and Ethel Rosenberg executions, the evening paper at Paden's drugstore, carried over from the depot across the street, kept us current.

Dress-up excursions to Chicago's famed downtown "Loop" for serious shopping or a night on the town began at the ancient depot at the end of Grand Boulevard. So did many vacations; the Q was frequently the first leg for the start of extended vacations out west or trips to grandmother's house up north. Once in a while it was a last link to life—such as the time a schoolmate lost a race with a commuter train, trying to beat it across the Salt Creek bridge.

Growing up along the Burlington was like having a big, noisy, but always friendly neighbor with fascinating stories to tell. It never ceased to entertain. You could bike a few blocks uptown to the tracks and watch an ever-changing parade of colors glide past. The sleek two-tone green of Northern Pacific's *North Coast Limited* and the orange and dark green of Great Northern's *Empire Builder* that the CB&Q hauled to the Twin Cities. The endless strings of yellow reefers, dripping melting ice as they rolled by. And, of course, the shiny silver fleet of Burlington's own *Zephyrs*.

In the 1950s nearly five dozen passenger trains used that triple-track main line every day. Trying to catch glimpses of the passengers' faces was a fascinating part of the low-priced, Burlington-sponsored trackside entertainment. For many of the riders peering out the car windows, it would be their first adventure heading to the great West or Northwest that lay beyond the plains of Illinois. So even at 70 mph for a couple of seconds, the anticipation on passengers' faces shone through the windows.

The Burlington, like most railroads of the day, had socioeconomic power as well as locomotive power. Living north of the tracks meant higher status than south of them. The town's more respected commercial enterprises, too, lay to the north. Curiously, though, there was no fire station on that side of the tracks. The nearest underpass was 10 to 15 minutes from the fire station, which was located half a block away from the often-blocked grade crossing at the depot. After much debate and a special election, a bare-bones fire station was built a few blocks north of the tracks.

Brookfield's Burlington depot and its stationmaster were straight out of central casting. The building itself was a rickety, two-story, early Charles Addams structure that seemed most at home in a lightning storm. Upstairs was a little apartment for the agent, a gauze curtain blowing out of its lone dormer win-

dow overlooking the tracks. The stationmaster—who also functioned as ticket clerk and baggage handler—wore a black eyeshade and wire-rimmed glasses. He stood behind a small, barred ticket window, and was a combination travel agent and FedEx man of the day.

Taking the train downtown was invariably an adventure. In 1950, Burlington became the first U.S. railroad to employ bi-level "gallery" commuter coaches, and the prospect of having your very own seat in the upper level was thrilling. After steam, the typical commuter consist would be a classic silver E unit, with its rectangular "Burlington Route" herald under the headlight, pulling an old heavyweight coach followed by (or sometimes preceded by) one, two, or more of the stainless-steel, seemingly futuristic bi-levels. Rush-hour service was frequent, with some express trains into Union Station.

Arriving at that grand old station, with its Fred Harvey Iron Horse Restaurant and rows of shops and stately waiting room, was another part of the adventure. And until about 1953, you could get off a CB&Q train, walk up a ramp paralleling the tracks, and hop on a Chicago Transit Authority elevated train for the Loop (the Union Station "L" stop closed when the CTA rerouted its trains along the median strip of the then-new Congress Expressway).

Half a century later, what kind of imprint does the Burlington have? With the 1969 demolition of its concourse, Union Station has moved from grand to utilitarian. The old Brookfield depot has long since been replaced by a one-story functional box. The commuter trains still run in force—busier and more frequently than ever—though as part of the public regional transportation network, not as Burlington, which itself is now part of BNSF Railway. The *Zephyrs*, save Amtrak's version of the *California Zephyr* and short-haul *Illinois Zephyr*, are no more, and the *Southwest Chief* has moved over from the Santa Fe. Cattle no longer get hauled into the city—the railroads have gotten out of the livestock business, and Chicago's massive stockyards are history. Colorful freight cars from a hundred Class 1 railroads have largely given way to double-stack and unit coal trains.

Yet, on a quiet night, as an engine headlight approaches and a train rumbles through, the Burlington—as we'll always think of it—seems a timeless lifeline into the future, as well as the past.—*Arthur H. Purcell*

Wade J. Stevenson

Handoff at Othello

Running 13 hours late because of snow in the Dakotas and Montana, Milwaukee Road train 17, the Chicago–Tacoma *Columbian*, pauses at Othello, Wash., in the early 1950s. Class F6 4-6-4 No. 132 took over from an electric locomotive at Avery, Idaho, for the 212 miles between the road's two electrified districts. The Hudson is being cut off here, to be replaced by "bipolar" electric No. E-1, which will forward the *Columbian* over the Cascades to the coast.

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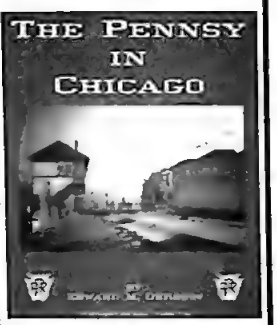

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Boarding the cars at Guthrie

A 1968 ride to St. Louis required patience and a tolerance for misinformation and indifference

R. R. Wallin photo; George W. Hamlin collection

L&N 787, an ex-Frisco E8, leads No. 10—head-end cars and one coach—out of East St. Louis in May 1968, two months before the author's ride.

"No, that train doesn't stop here. You'll have to go up to 'Hoptown' to get it," was the less-than-helpful information from the Louisville & Nashville agent in Guthrie, Ky., when I asked him about boarding there. The 12:42 a.m. schedule from Guthrie was already pressing the limit of a "convenient" departure; 1:15 a.m. and 24 miles down the road to Hopkinsville undoubtedly put this into the inconvenient category, and would strain the graciousness of the people taking me to the station.

Taking the L&N from Guthrie to St. Louis for a few days of train-watching in July 1968 had seemed like a logical thing to do, even if it involved sitting up all night in a coach seat. And while the L&N timetable portrayed this as two separate trains (No. 4, Atlanta–Evansville, Ind., and No. 10, Evansville–St. Louis), I had a strong suspicion that it was in fact a through service. Guthrie (and Hopkinsville, for that matter) were conditional stops, but the "Y" printed next to the time designations for both locations indicated that No. 4 "Stops to leave or take revenue passengers from or to Evansville or Nashville and beyond," and my planned journey complied with this requirement.

Since we were in Nashville the day before my departure, a stop at Union Station verified that the Guthrie agent was mistaken, and that the train would indeed stop there on demand, per the timetable. And just to be sure it did, the Nashville agent suggested being very visible on the platform, and indicating to the crew that I wished to be picked up. I'd have to buy my ticket on the train from the conductor, of course.

Late Sunday evening, we drove the short distance to Guthrie, located at the junction of L&N's Nashville–Evansville and Bowling Green–Memphis lines. Although the depot was not manned at that hour, the lights were on and a crew member intending to deadhead to Madisonville, Ky., was inside. When asked whether the train would stop, he laughed, and said that it always did for him, and he certainly expected that it would tonight. So much for the requirement that revenue passengers be involved!

It was a pleasant evening to stand outside, and not too many minutes beyond the scheduled time, No. 4's headlight appeared and the train slowed for a stop to pick up its two patrons. This remnant of the once-proud *Georgian* consisted of an E8 followed by five baggage and express cars, with L&N coach 3200, still lettered for the *Humming Bird*, bringing up the rear.

The conductor swung down from the vestibule at the tail end of the train, and greeted the crew member, whom he seemed to know well. When I stepped up next, he inquired about my destination, and upon hearing "St. Louis," said "That will be to your left"—an appropriate direction, as turning right led only to the ties and ballast.

I found a seat and settled in next to another employee, headed to Evansville. We departed Guthrie and achieved a moderate pace, although not sufficient to avoid being passed by trucks on the parallel highway. My seatmate was in track maintenance, and remarked that this was one of the roughest lines on the railroad; in fact, we did seem to be making almost as much progress up and down and side to side as forward, but the moderate speed kept any discomfort to a reasonable level.

After a while, it dawned on me that the conductor had made no attempt to collect my fare, so I located him in the men's room, at the forward end of the car. He seemed confused at my presence, and it dawned on me that he thought I was an employee—apparently revenue passengers at Guthrie were few and far between. With my status re-

solved, he removed a battered tariff from his pocket and began thumbing through it to determine the fare. After some minutes of searching, he looked at me and said, "How much have you been paying for this ride usually?"

My response that it was my first trip on this line sent him back to the tariff, and shortly he announced that it would cost me $10.42. I paid and was issued a cash receipt, and went back to attempt to sleep. Success was not great on that score. I remember much of the ride, including a lengthy stop in Madisonville for no discernible reason, as well as the elevated approach to the Ohio River crossing between Henderson, Ky., and Evansville.

At the latter, there was a crew change. The new conductor was large and had a relatively belligerent manner. His idea of customer service involved turning the lights fully bright at 4:15 a.m., and loudly demanding all tickets.

While the car hadn't been full up to this point, a large crowd boarded, again including more deadheads. Since the lights were on full, and quiet had not been requested for the benefit of those who might have been attempting to retire, shop talk was the order the day, including a discussion of the relative tractive effort of U25C's and EMD products, per the tonnage ratings in the employee timetable. Another large group of company employees consisted of a track gang returning from their weekend in Evansville to Ashley, Ill.

At least the track on this line rode better than the line south of Evansville. While there had been only three intermediate stops in the 111 miles between Guthrie and Evansville, we made 11 enroute stops in the 165 miles to St. Louis, including towns named Mount Vernon in both Indiana and Illinois. Consistent with the first segment of the trip, the train made all stops, whether regular or conditional.

West of Ashley, where L&N crossed the Illinois Central's north-south main line and where until the mid-1960s the *Official Guide* duly noted that the IC and L&N depots were "about 26 rods apart," a modicum of quiet returned for the balance of the journey with the departure of the track gang. There was plenty of time to soak up the peace and quiet, since the 63 miles to St. Louis were covered in just short of 3 hours, rather than the 2 hours 3 minutes called for by the timetable.

Eventually we backed into St. Louis' cavernous, albeit somewhat down-on-its-heels, Union Station. After a brief look around, it was time for a nap before enjoying the railroad sights of the city and its environs for the next few days.—*George W. Hamlin*

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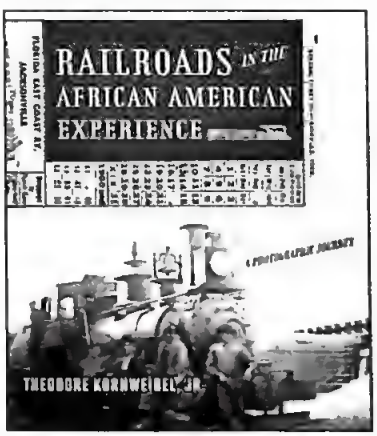

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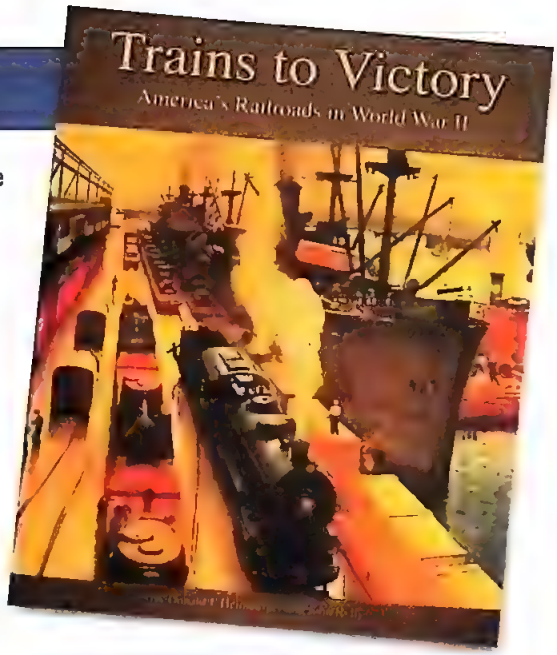
Indiana steel-town streetcars

Founded in 1906 when U.S. Steel began construction of a huge new plant beside Lake Michigan in northwest Indiana, the city of Gary missed the horsecar era entirely. A transit system to move the thousands of workers to the mill was a must, of course, and the Gary & Interurban Railway was incorporated in 1907 to build and operate streetcar lines. Corporate mergers resulted in the formation in 1925 of Gary Railways, which, in addition to city routes, had lines west to Hammond, south to Crown Point, southeast to Hobart, and east to Valparaiso. The route east once connected with a line to La Porte that was part of perhaps the most audacious project of the traction era: the Chicago-New York Electric Air Line. Whether scam or pipe dream, the Air Line was promoted as a 742-mile route that trains would traverse in 10 hours. Only about 20 heavily engineered miles west of La Porte were built, and sparse traffic caused abandonment in 1917. The Air Line was just a memory on October 5, 1941 (above left), when Gary Railways car 27, a 1927 Cummings product, rounded the North Broadway loop at the USS plant's main gate. Car 1 (Kuhlman, 1924; above right) stands at the end of its run at 45th and Grant in southwest Gary on August 4, 1946; service beyond here to Crown Point ended in 1933. On the same day (left), car 213 (Kuhlman, 1919) trundles east past Substation No. 2 at Gary's western edge on the onetime Hammond line. The last-day ceremony for Gary's trolleys was on August 31, 1946, although the final cars actually ran on February 28, 1947.

First Out



Trains to Victory: America's Railroads in World War II, by Donald J. Heimburger and John Kelly. Heimburger House Publishing Company, 7236 W. Madison Street, Forest Park, IL 60130; www.heimburgerhouse.com; 8½ x 11 in.; hardbound; $59.95, or $74.95 with slipcase and gold foil imprint.

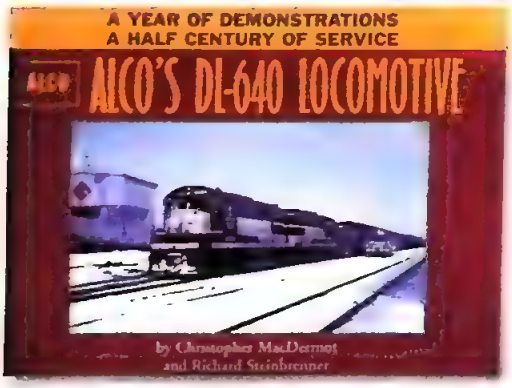
It's hard to imagine a more impressive tribute to railroading's historic contribution to Allied victory in World War II than this gigantic new volume from Heimburger House. Packed with photographs, facts, charts, technical drawings, vintage advertisements, timetables, and other vivid material, the book feels as big as its subject.

This work's greatest strength is its photos, 542 of them, mostly black-and-white and depicting every aspect of the war effort from crowded troop trains to Baldwin export 2-8-2's, from jam-packed freight yards to bustling passenger terminals. There is also extensive coverage of overseas railway operations in such locations as France and the Middle East. The photos are afforded excellent printing and represent the work of an impressive array of photographers, many of them working either for the military or newspapers and wire services.

The book also chronicles the role of railroad wartime advertising, with more than 250 ads, some 45 in color. The celebrated examples are here—New Haven's famed "Kid in Upper 4" and the Pennsylvania's mythic color paintings, for instance—but so are scores of lesser known entries from other carriers. The text covers the great themes of the era: the strain on the nation's passenger network; the ingenious development of troop sleepers and other special rolling stock; the effect of War Production Board quotas on steam locomotive design; the importance of the Army's railway outfits and its military "camp railroads"; the massive logistical challenge of running the military's MAIN troop trains; and the contributions of women railroaders on the home front. Throughout the book, personal anecdotes from servicemen and civilians bring to life railroading's finest hour.

Changes in the nature of warfare and railroading in the six and a half decades since World War II mean the spectacle depicted here will not be repeated, making this chronicle all the more valuable.—*Kevin P. Keefe*

Other Books



Alco intended its 2,400 h.p. DL640 diesel (also known by its other designation, RS27), to be groundbreaking when introduced in 1960, but it sold just 27 units amidst a recession and intense competition from EMD and newcomer GE. This book provides an extensive study of the DL640 from design and development through demonstration tours and service lives. Co-author MacDermot served as a field engineer for Alco during the RS27's demonstration tour, and draws heavily on his background and experience. The book traces the careers of each railroad's RS27's and provides a primer on diesel operations. More than 160 photos—most in color—show the locomotives, including demos and production models of each railroad that owned them. Other graphics include engineering drawings, maps of the roads that operated RS27's, logs for demo trips, and other Alco correspondence. The book closes with a look at the last two operating RS27's, which still serve on the Minnesota Commercial.—*Jeff Wilson*

Alco's DL-640 Locomotive, by Christopher MacDermot and Richard Steinbrenner. On Track Publishers, 16 Mt. Bethel Rd., No. 281, Warren, NJ 07059; www.ontrackpublishers.com; 11 x 8½ in.; hardcover; 176 pages; $64.95.

The focal point of this book is author Wegman's excellent scale color renderings of classic passenger locomotives and trains, including the Burlington Route's *Zephyr*; Milwaukee Road's *Olympian* and bipolar electrics; Southern's *Crescent Limited* and green 4-6-2 locomotives; Rock Island's *Rockets* with TA diesels; Illinois Central's *Green Diamond, Panama Limited,* and *City of Miami* with E units; Great Northern's *Empire Builder* (steam and diesel); and many others. Most illustrations include side, rear, and front views, with floor plans for many cars. Each section includes a brief history of the train or equipment; Wegman's color renderings; and other illustrations such as photos, timetables, and promotional materials. The drawings are very good, although some of the colors are off when compared to paint standard reference cards. This book will appeal to modelers as well as students of America's great trains.—*J.W.*

American Passenger Trains and Locomotives Illustrated, by Mark Wegman. Voyageur Press, MBI Publishing, 400 First Ave. N., Suite 300, Minneapolis, MN 55401; www.voyageurpress.com; 11 x 9½ in.; 160 pages; hardcover; $35.

If there ever was a "Mr. ATSF," it's Stan Kistler. From his very first train photo, of 2-8-2 3136 in 1943, this immensely talented photographer (the subject of our first "Great Photographers" article, in our Spring 2000 issue) has documented that immensely appealing railroad. As one would expect from the Pasadena native, most of the images in this album are from California, with a smattering in Arizona and New Mexico; the most recent one dates from 1968. Creatively composed, expertly printed, and beautifully reproduced, Kistler's photos will make a Santa Fe fan out of anyone.—*Robert S. McGonigal*

Stan Kistler's Santa Fe in Black & White, by Stan Kistler with John R. Signor. Santa Fe Railway Historical & Modeling Society, 1205 S. Air Depot #101, Midwest City, OK 73110-4807; www.atsfrr.com. 180 pages, 11 x 11 in., hardbound, $60.

True to its title, this book provides a photographic tour of Iowa's many railroads from the late 19th century through today. Maps provide a background for the state's key carriers, including Chicago & North Western, Rock Island, Chicago Great Western, Milwaukee Road, Illinois Central, and others. Electric lines are also covered, such as the Fort Dodge, Des Moines & Southern and Cedar Rapids & Iowa City. The 460 black-and-white photos show freight and passenger trains, depots, industries, yards, and employees, with most of the information conveyed via photo captions.—*J.W.*

Iowa's Railroads: An Album, by H. Roger Grant and Don L. Hofsommer. Indiana University Press, 601 N. Morton St., Bloomington, IN 47404; www.iupress.indiana.edu; 8½ x 11 in.; 350 pages; softcover, $29.95 (hardcover, $59.95).

This unusual yet engaging book, first published in 2002, examines the 4-4-2 wheel arrangement on railroads all around the world. Author Hennessey reckons that 60 percent of the 3,544 Atlantics were built and used in the U.S. and Canada, and, although he has a British perspective on the subject, he gives these plenty of coverage. In addition to the expected technical and operational information, Hennessey also considers the aesthetic and even cultural aspects of these often extraordinary machines.—*R.S.M.*

Atlantic: The Well-Beloved Engine, by R.A.S. Hennessey. The History Press, The Mill, Brimscombe Port, Stroud, Gloucestershire GL5 2QG, United Kingdom; www.thehistorypress.co.uk; 6¾ x 9¾ in.; 192 pages; hardcover; £20.

The Pennsylvania Railroad was a major player in the Chicago railroad scene through the 1960s, with many name passenger trains as well as significant freight traffic to and from the East. This book traces the history of the Pennsy's various lines in and around the city, the development of freight and passenger traffic, and how this traffic was handled. A chart lists the beginning and ending dates for all PRR passenger trains in and out of Chicago. More than 270 photos—many in color—highlight scenes throughout the Chicago area, including yards (with some nice aerial views), structures, people, and the trains themselves. The book is also amply illustrated with several maps that show the development of various routes, including original period maps and engineering drawings of various junctions and interlockings. PRR fans and those interested in Chicago railroading should enjoy this thorough, highly informative volume.—*J.W.*

The Pennsy in Chicago, by Edward M. DeRouln. Pixels Publishing, P.O. Box 10, La Fox, IL 60147-0010; www.pixelspublishing.com; 8½ x 11 in.; hardcover; 256 pages; $65.

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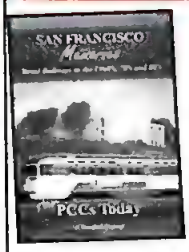

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The day before the Collinwood parade

Forget the NYC for a moment, we had the Bessemer and some Berks to look in on

Two photos: J. David Ingles

Our appetite whetted from our 1962 visit to North Bessemer Yard near Pittsburgh, we headed for Albion, Pa., on August 15, 1964, got some photos, then finished the day at Conneaut, Ohio.

After photographing, on Saturday, August 15, 1964, our big target in Ohio's largest city, one of New York Central's last two active A-B sets of FT's ["One day at . . . Collinwood," pages 62–67], Jerry Pinkepank, the late Hank Goerke, and I set out for Albion, just inside Pennsylvania. This was the location of Bessemer & Lake Erie's north-end yard and engine terminal, 38 miles south of the Conneaut dock transfer yard for the ore that B&LE took off Lake Erie boats to haul to Pittsburgh-area mills. At Albion we found an SD18/SD7/SD18 trio, which would leave on a southbound freight, plus our main reason to call here—a pair of the recently acquired ex-Missabe Road high-nose, 2,400 h.p. Alco RSD7's. There sat Nos. 883 and 886—page Alco-257 in the *Second Diesel Spotter's Guide* (Kalmbach, 1973) offers further proof.

We then drove north and finished the day at Conneaut (KAH-nee-awt), which five years earlier had been the site of the last Nickel Plate regular-service steam (five 0-8-0's). We just beat sunset, first nabbing an eastbound freight leaving behind Geeps 497, 708, and 480: two GP9's sandwiching one of NKP's 10 GP18's, which carried sacred 2-8-4 road numbers. At the roundhouse, we found GP30 906 and RS11 566 outside, the Alco on whisker tracks next to 2-8-4 755, deceptively looking like she could be fired up and head out on a freight that evening. Inside was sister 763, also shopped right before NKP steam quit, also looking ready to go.

I'd been to Conneaut twice before, once on an early 1950s family vacation to Niagara Falls and Toronto, when Dad took a slide of NKP PA's on train 6 in the morning, and again briefly about 1961 with friend Paul Maximuke of Cleveland. On that gray day's visit, we found 2-8-4 759 in the Conneaut roundhouse, looking as good or better than 763 did in 1964.

The two Berkshires still there in 1964 are among six Nickel Plate 2-8-4's preserved. Five are displayed: S-2 class 755 stayed in town and is at the Conneaut Railroad Historical Museum; 757 is at the Railroad Museum of Pennsylvania in Strasburg; 759, which departed Conneaut for an excursion career that lasted from 1968 to 1973, is at the Steamtown National Historic Site in Scranton; and 763 recently was acquired from the Virginia Museum of Transportation in Roanoke by Jerry Jacobsen and moved to Ohio; S-3 class 779, last of NKP's 80 Berks, is in Lincoln Park in the city of her birth, Lima, Ohio.

The sixth extant Nickel Plate Berk, of course, is 765, taken from Lawton Park in Fort Wayne, Ind., after a decade of display (painted as 767, the last one to operate through the city) in 1973 by the Fort Wayne Railroad Historical Society, which restored her. She began her second career in 1979, and for 14 years, roamed across 15 states, hauling 100,000 passengers before undergoing another overhaul. She emerged from the shop in October 2005, hitting the road in steam again in Indiana in May 2009.

Many folks say "Bellevue" if asked to name an important Nickel Plate town (OK, MODEL RAILROADER columnist Tony Koester might say "Frankfort" or "Cayuga," the latter his Indiana hometown), but considering its late-steam credentials, I think I'd nominate Conneaut.—*Dave Ingles*

Colonie's death by fire and neglect

Fire, of any size, in an abandoned building usually signals the end of the structure's existence. This was the case for the Delaware & Hudson's great shop at Colonie [pages 40–49].

After Guilford acquired the D&H in 1984, it moved operations and equipment to other locations over the next decade until the vast building was completely emptied. Several small fires, attributed to delinquents, broke out during subsequent years, but caused only minimal damage.

I returned one day in April 2001 to look around the building and reminisce about all the wonderful encounters I had there over the years, when I talked with the workmen and photographed special events as well as routine happenings. Water was dripping from icicles in the rafters; puddles of ice were on the floor and in the inspection pits. A cold west wind was rattling pieces of loose sheet metal as it whistled through the hall like the legendary cry of an Irish Banshee. I chose to remember the grand days when Colonie was a bustling, living place, not in the anguishing death that I witnessed all around me. I turned my back and never returned.

Three years later, in March 2004, came the big blaze that would finally finish off the place. I didn't go to watch.—*Jim Shaughnessy*

Firefighters work on March 21, 2004, to douse the blaze that resulted in the demolition of the D&H's great Colonie shop.

Brad Peterson

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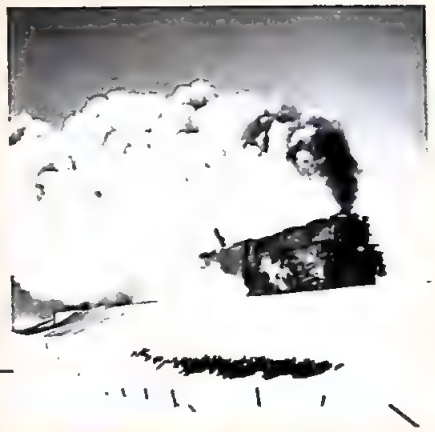

- **Snowy Show on Sherman Hill**
  A trip to UP's famous Wyoming grade included Challengers, Big Boys—and a surprise blizzard
- **End of an Era for the "Scoot"**
  David Plowden recalls the bittersweet final day of steam on a CPR mixed
- **To Roanoke for Steam**
  Two New Jersey teenagers make a pilgrimage to the heart of the N&W
- **Sunset at Centralia**
  Jim Shaughnessy finds CB&Q 2-10-4's and 2-8-2's in the Illinois coalfields
- **Ride of a Lifetime**
  An 11-year-old's trip in the cab of a streamlined Grand Trunk Western 4-8-4 remains a treasured memory
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Smithsonian Institution: Hugh Talman

Merle Haggard's rail roots

Country music great Merle Haggard helped dedicate the Smithsonian's "America On The Move" exhibit, of which Southern 4-6-2 1401 [pages 37–39] is a central element.

Haggard and trains are inseparable. He is in that pantheon of popular musicians out of many traditions who understand, or understood, the metaphorical power of trains in American life—along with Jimmie Rodgers, Johnny Cash, Utah Phillips, Leadbelly, Steve Goodman, Pete Seeger, Roy Acuff, Arlo Guthrie, Alison Krauss, Larry Penn, Hank Snow, and many others.

Who better than Haggard to help dedicate an exhibition that tells the story of Americans' mobility in the 20th century? He came with his sister, Lillian, on a rainy day in fall 2003. She had donated several artifacts from the family's trek on Route 66 in the 1930s from Muskogee, Okla., to Bakersfield, Calif., where Merle was born in 1937. His dad worked as a carpenter for the Santa Fe. Merle got an electric train set on his seventh birthday. And, today, his private tour bus is painted in ATSF Warbonnet livery.

At the podium, Haggard spoke of the pull of the American road, the glory of American trains, the unique personal freedom in this country of untrammeled mobility, and roots music that celebrates that freedom—and trains. Especially of trains.—*Bill Withuhn*

Thrall times three

By coincidence, the late Walter H. Thrall Jr. figures in three separate articles in this issue. His photos of Southern Railway Ps-4's illustrate "Twilight Encounter at Danville" [pages 34–36]. In "Our 'National Locomotive'" [pages 37–39], Bill Withuhn tells of Thrall's key role in placing a Ps-4 in the Smithsonian. And our profile of Donald Duke [pages 50–61] includes mention of his railfan escapades with Thrall.

The son of an SR assistant engineer, Walt Thrall moved to the Los Angeles area in 1939. After a stint as a coach cleaner for the Southern Pacific, he entered engine service on the Union Pacific in '41, becoming an engineer out of L.A. two years later. In 1956, after diesels had taken over on his part of the UP, Thrall left railroading to run a motel with his wife in Glenwood Springs, Colo.; he later entered the insurance business. He died in 1976.

Jim Lusk

Walt Thrall, 1957

Thrall sold his photo collection to various parties. Gerald M. Best got most of his SR photos, which are now at the California State Railroad Museum.

In 1958 Thrall recounted his years on the UP in a series of four articles in TRAINS magazine.—*Rob McGonigal*

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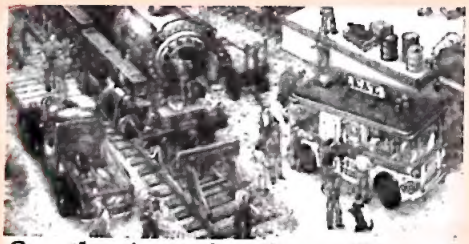

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Al Rung

Erie's ancient New York gateway

We don't know the date of this photo in the waiting room of the Erie Railroad's Jersey City terminal, but it's clearly from the era when the nation's workforce was mostly men, nearly all of whom wore hats. Of the three dozen people visible, only about four are women and there's hardly a bare head to be seen. We do know the Erie built this terminal on the Hudson River way back in 1886–89 to replace an earlier one, and that it was located a half-mile south of the Lackawanna's Hoboken terminal and three-quarters of a mile north of the Jersey Central's terminal. As with those better-known facilities, the bulk of the traffic here was commuters, most of whom transferred to ferries or Hudson & Manhattan subway trains to reach Manhattan. Long-haul trains like the *Erie Limited* from Chicago also called here, as did New York, Susquehanna & Western commuter trains. By the 1950s the place had become run-down, prompting Erie in 1956 to begin shifting trains to the DL&W Hoboken station. The last ones left in December 1958, two years before the Erie-Lackawanna merger, and the terminal was demolished. ■

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